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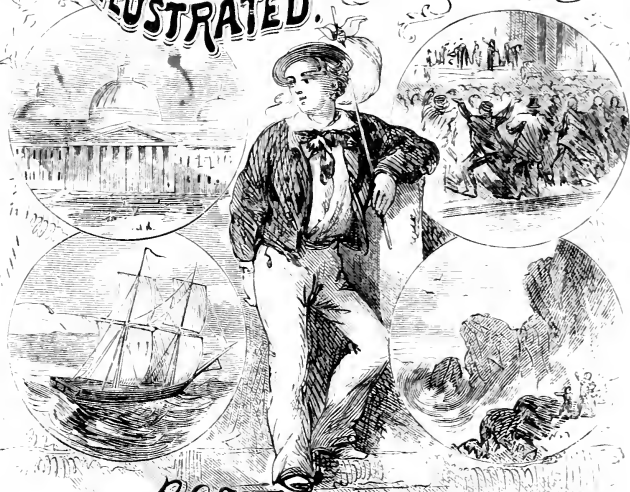
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THE RUNAWAY BOY

OR
THE RUNAWAY BOY
ILLUSTRATED.



BOSTON
W^m H. HILL JR. & CO.
PUBLISHERS

FRANK NELSON;

OR,

The Runaway Boy.

BY

MRS. P. A. HANAFORD,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG CAPTAIN," "OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT,"
"LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN," ETC.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM H. HILL, JR. & CO.,

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True Blue Series.

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CHAPTER I

THE IMPATIENT BOY.



HERE goes my shoe-string!" exclaimed Frank Nelson, in a cross, impatient voice, and with a scowl on his face that looked rather unamiable, to say the least; "that's just the way! if a fellow wants to get out in good season, some pesky thing as this happens. Hang it, I say!"

"What! scolding again, brother Frank?" said a mild voice, and light steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"Come in here!" was the ungracious re-

sponse, in a tone more like that of a captain on his quarter-deck to a mutinous crew, than the voice in which a brother should speak to a sister, especially to one so lovely and lovable as Mary Nelson, and the senior of her brother, too, by several years.

“I’m almost afraid to enter that den,” was the playful answer, “the lion roars so.”

“You’ll hear him roar louder still, old girl, if you don’t find me a shoe-string, and that in double quick time, too.”

“I’m not a Zouave, Frankie ; what should I know of ‘double quick,’ and, do let me look in your fragment of a mirror, — do you remember how a boy’s boot, flung heedlessly against it, in a paroxysm of impatience, broke it one sunny Sabbath morning, a morning whose brightness ought to have soothed all impatient feelings,”

“There, there, don’t preach !” interrupted the wayward boy. “I tell you, old girl, I want a shoe-string. Get one, right off.”

“Let me look in your mirror and see if I do look like an old girl. Not so very, after all!” And the rosy lips smiled archly, as the soul-speaking eyes of heaven’s own blue, saw only a face which was singularly faultless in color and feature, and which would well have answered for Longfellow’s beautiful Evangeline.

“Now stand there like a ninny! I tell you I want a shoe-string. I’ll run away sometime, if I can’t have a little liberty at home. Here I’ve been digging and delving all the morning when I wanted to be off to see the fun, and now, of course my shoe-string must break.”

Mary passed on to her own chamber. In a moment she returned. “Here’s a shoe-string,” said she, “and I’ll help you put it in, if you’ll listen patiently to me a moment. I wish you could learn to speak more pleasantly, and to use fewer objectionable words and phrases. It pains mother and me to hear you talk so!”

All this while Mary had been weaving in and out of the eyelet-holes the desired shoe-string, and Frank was listening to her words with what grace he could muster. But he did not look very penitent, and finally as she put the string through the last eyelet and took hold of both ends in order to tie the shoe closely, still talking to him about his ungracious words and tones, he whistled impatiently, and then spoke again : —

“But what must a fellow do, my chicken-hearted sister? I can’t whisper when I’m aching to scream, and I can’t stop to weigh and select my words when I’m in a hurry to let somebody know my mind, before you can say Jack Robinson.”

“But why be so desirous of yelling, since you’re not an Indian, or so much in haste when you’ve twenty-four hours in every day, and not much with which to fill them?”

“My twenty-four hours are too well filled

with work, and so, I say again, I'm going to run away. I'm bound to do it. If you miss me some day you'll know I'm following Robinson Crusoe, or some other adventurer."

' "Like him, I hope, to return again safely, brother Frank." And the warm-hearted sister threw her arms around her brother and kissed him. She did not believe he meant what he said, but his words conjured up in her mind such a picture of distresses and perils he might encounter, if he should be wayward and fool-hardy enough to fulfill what she deemed an idle threat, that the tears came into her eyes, and she earnestly whispered, "Don't go, Frank, don't go!"

Often, in after days did he remember those words, and recall that scene. But he writhed under it then, and the purpose, which he had really formed, remained unshaken. Struggling to get away from the embrace of his gentle sister, he laughed mockingly, while his

heart smote him for his laugh and words, and said, "Don't waste your tears on such a scrapegrace as I am. If you hold me any longer I shall be late. You shall go with me, if you want to, and be my Friday. But now I must be off to see the Inauguration."

He snatched his cap, ran his fingers through his hair, tossing it up off a broad, white forehead, and bounded out of his chamber, and down the stairs, leaping several steps as he neared the bottom of the flight.

His mother opened the parlor door as he laid his hand on the knob of the front door. "Frank!" said she, stop a minute!" He obeyed, but with evident reluctance. "Do be careful, my son," she continued, "about the company you keep to-day. There is much to see, and to hear, but you will see with different eyes and hear with different ears if you are with good boys, than if you are with bad ones. You cannot be too careful in choosing your company."

Frank had heard words like these many times before, from the same faithful mother. He did not dare reply with disrespect, but he turned the knob impatiently, and looked annoyed. In a moment he said, "I don't want to be in leading-strings always, mother."

An expression of pain flitted across the mother's pale face. Her son saw it, and felt sorry he had spoken thus. He added, in a softened tone, "I'll try to be good, mother. But it's time to go now!" and so saying he opened the door, and in a moment was flying down the street with the speed natural to a boy of fourteen. Every avenue and street and even by-way, in that "City of magnificent distances" in which Frank resided, was alive with people, hurrying to and fro, but most of them tending towards the more public thoroughfares, and pausing at last in some street through which the inaugural procession was to pass. The city, as the reader may

easily conjecture, was Washington, the Capital of the nation, and the Inauguration, they may as well be told at once, was that of Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States.

Washington is a fine city, in some respects. It has many wide and beautiful streets and avenues, and is laid out on a somewhat grander scale than some of our more northern cities with their crowded houses and narrow crooked streets. Many elegant public edifices adorn the city, and some of the private mansions are built in a style of palatial magnificence. Among the public buildings are, first of all, the Capitol, in which the Congress of the United States always meets, a superb edifice, familiar in its appearance like the State House in Boston to the minds of the New England boys and girls, because of the many pictures which are published of it. Then there is the large and beautiful building where the Presi-

dent resides, and which is called the "White House." The Treasury Buildings, and the Patent Office attract the attention of visitors, and at the time Frank ran down the street, the Smithsonian Institute was another noble structure awakening admiration in the beholder. Since that day it has been disfigured and partially destroyed by the ravages of that "good servant but bad master" — Fire.

The city of Washington is finely located on the left bank of the Potomac river, on its north-east side, and between two small tributaries—the one on the east called the East Branch, the western one called Rock Creek. The latter stream separates it from Georgetown. Both these places—Washington and Georgetown—are situated within the limits of the District of Columbia, which has an area of about sixty miles, and a population of some fifty-two thousand.

The Constitution of the United States pro-

vides that the Federal Government shall have exclusive jurisdiction over a territory ten miles square, and that in it shall be located the capital of the country. So the city in which Frank lived, was not under the control of any State officers like Boston, New York and other cities of the Union, though like all those cities it had a Mayor and other usual city officers. But the Congress of the United States, with the President at their head, exercised particular authority over Washington and Georgetown, and all the District of Columbia.

Frank was not born in Washington. He was a New England boy, born amid the mountains of the old Granite State, but he was early taken to the South, and had but dim and vague recollections of his Northern birth-place. His father had been unsuccessful in business, and, when Frank was about eight years old, that father died, leaving his wife and little ones almost penniless.

Mrs. Nelson was a woman of great energy of character, but was in feeble health. She succeeded, however, in keeping her home, obtaining the means of a livelihood by taking boarders, as a great many persons do in the city of Washington, especially during the winter season, and throughout the Congressional sessions, for then the city is likely to be thronged with company. Mrs. Nelson succeeded in obtaining the means of education for Frank, while his sister, who was some years older, and who had acquired a fair share of the lore obtained in books before her father's death, and who possessed decided musical powers, was engaged in teaching music, and thus assisted her mother.

Although Mrs. Nelson kept a limited number of servants, all colored, yet she was often obliged to call upon her son to aid her in various ways. She had tried to instil into his mind an idea of the dignity of labor, which

in a New England atmosphere might have “grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength,” but there, under the blighting influence of opinions engendered by slavery, he had come to believe it ignoble to toil, especially in any of those ways in which he was wont to assist his mother. Certain companions, too, who had gathered about him, failed not to influence his feelings and opinions, and in his case it was found, as alas ! too many a parent sadly learns — that “evil communications corrupt good manners.” His speech had become abrupt and harsh, his conversation interlarded with words which were not the most classic or elegant, and, in short, he seemed to be fast changing from the little boy in whom his father took such pride, and for whom he so earnestly prayed that his feet might be kept from the snares of evil, to the rough, ill-mannered youth who was more

afraid of being "tied to his mother's apron strings" than of straying into paths of error and wickedness.

Having thus explained "the whys and wherefores" of Frankie's residence in Washington, and the influences around him, we can now proceed with the story of Frank's adventures on that memorable day, and on others equally memorable to him as an individual, though not so important to the nation.

All this while that I have been speaking of Frank's home and family, he may be supposed to have been running down the street, in the expectation of meeting his comrades, at their usual rendezvous, under the sheltering verandah or piazza of a well-known restaurant. Boys love to congregate in such places, and laugh and chat or play with one another. Several boys were there, but not Frank's "chums" as he called them. So he stood

whistling and waiting. Suddenly he heard a shout. Every boy looked and then ran. Frank's heels, too, clattered upon the pavement.

CHAPTER II.

INAUGURATION DAY.



HE shout proceeded from a group of boys who issued out of a side street, and desired to attract the attention of their playmates who were on the piazza. One of them carried a flag—the “dear old flag,” with its stripes and stars gleaming in the morning sunshine. There was an answering “Hurrah!” from the boys who came to meet them, and then they all arranged themselves in marching order, and proceeded with jubi-

lant faces, occasional shouts, and measured steps toward the vicinity of the Capitol. "Young America" was desirous of doing its part in the observance of the day, and the Nineteenth Century cannot spare its juveniles. On they went till they came to the street where various processions were forming, and there they drew up in line, and waited, hoping for recognition, and a place in the long procession.

"Oscar," whispered Frank to a boy near him, "I don't like all this."

"Nor I either," was the response most heartily given, with a defiant nod of the head. "I want to see more fun. If we stay in this company we can't see anything, at least, only just what's round us. I want to see the whole."

"So do I," said Frank.

"Let's clear out!" said Oscar.

"How can we get off?" asked Frank, with

a look at the burly form of the boy who was acting leader of this juvenile band.

“I’ll do it,” answered Oscar ; so saying, he went boldly up to the self-commissioned captain. Oscar touched his cap to the leader, and his intended military salute was apparently well received. “Frank and I have some business to attend to, and must go away for a few moments. Will you keep our places for us, so that when we get back, we can stand as near the front as we do now ? ”

“Yes,” answered the captain, “but don’t be gone more’n a month.”

“No ! ” shouted Oscar, and rushing back to Frank, he seized him by the arm, and bore him triumphantly away, notwithstanding the remonstrances of some of the boys who called them “mean ” for “backing out.”

“Oh, you look out for us back again,” said Oscar. “The Captain has just promised me we shall have the same places.”

“All right!” said the remonstrants, apparently satisfied.

“Didn’t I do it well?” was Oscar’s exclamation, when Frank and he had got far enough off to talk freely. “I made the Captain, and the other boys too, think we were coming back. I came it over them just as easy!” and Oscar laughed complacently.

Frank thought of his mother’s warning words, and felt that he had not obeyed her in choosing Oscar for a companion. Involuntarily he spoke, “I hope you didn’t tell a lie.”

“Only a white one, Nelson. Don’t be such a coward that you can’t make out a good story when it suits you. Who wants to weigh every word?”

“But I don’t mean to go back to the procession again to day. That is, I don’t mean to join it with the boys.”

“Well, I told the Captain we wouldn’t be gone more than a month, and I asked him to

keep our places for us. I meant for him to think we were coming back so he needn't make a rumpus about it. But it's no use talking about the matter. If we don't go back I'll hatch up some kind of an excuse. Come along, and don't look so much like a criminal going to be hung ! ”

Frank said no more about it, but his heart misgave him. He felt that he had not commenced the day aright, and that he was already in the way of evil doers. Oscar was a boy of positive opinions, and like all such persons, young or old, invariably wielded an influence over his companions, which according to his changeful mood, for he was chameleon-like and very different at different times, was good or evil. Fertile in expedients he rarely “ got into a scrape,” as he called his misdeeds, but that he got out of it somehow, though, alas ! not unfrequently by a complete or partial sacrifice of the truth. Frank was clear-sight-

ed enough to perceive this great failing of his companion, but something in his own heart responded at times to that very propensity which belonged to Oscar's nature, or had been habitual so long as to become "second nature," and he was often completely under Oscar's influence with neither the power nor will to resist.

It was Oscar who had sedulously sought to induce Frank to leave his home, and seek new and strange adventures. His own wish to go arose from a sheer love of novelty and change. He would have been a knight errant in the days of yore, and the stories of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor, with such books as "Cook's Voyages," and the like, awoke in him an irresistible desire to travel far and wide, amid the new and untried scenes of foreign life.

He had nearly imbued Frank with the same spirit, but soon found that the most powerful

motive to be urged on his young companion — younger than himself by three years — was the freedom from all drudgery, and the opportunity to earn enough to place his mother and sister in a position of comparative independence. Oscar wished to be a sailor, but his comrade shrank from the dangers to be encountered in a storm at sea, or from a leaky vessel. They were therefore only agreed as to the desirableness of running away. Neither had any reasonable hope of being permitted to go willingly, and rather than have any delay, both had decided that it was best to make the attempt to depart and seek fortune, secretly.

But on the day of which we write, their minds were absorbed, like those of many older persons, in the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of one who was to govern a mighty nation. The streets, as we have said, were filled with the populace, most of the

people, especially the women, in their holiday attire. Woolly headed boys and girls were to be seen in all directions, especially in the vicinity of large, aristocratic looking mansions in which an army of servants was maintained. The ceremonies of this inauguration have been said to be the most brilliant and imposing ever witnessed in Washington.

The not loud but deep muttered threats of the disaffected Southerners, together with the frequently *given assurance that "Abe Lincoln" should never be President of the Republic, led the authorities at Washington to place the city more under martial protection than usual. Nearly twenty well-drilled companies, belonging to the District of Columbia were on parade. They comprised a force of more than two thousand men, and with their elegant uniforms, showy brass bands, superbly dressed officers on horseback, and the long rows of gleaming bayonets, presented an ap-

pearance of martial splendor which attracted the attention of Frank and Oscar, as well as the eyes of many children of a larger growth."

"That's a Georgetown company!" exclaimed Oscar. "I saw them drilling the other day when I was there. Just listen to that music. It is soul stirring!" Frank assented, though he had less predilection for military display than Oscar. "Let's go up on those steps, and see them pass!" added Oscar, and pushing their way through a crowd of men and women on the sidewalk, they succeeded, by much scrambling, such as boys understand, in reaching the top of a high flight of steps, in front of a large stone mansion. From this elevated position they watched the companies which rapidly succeeded each other, passing to their places in the procession.

There were fine companies of cavalry, each man riding a powerful horse, whose noble

appearance spoke of the battlefield, and reminded one of the Scripture mention of the war-horse who sayeth, "Aha! aha! and snuffeth the battle afar off."

Then there were companies of artillery dragging huge pieces of cannon bright as burnished brass or polished steel could be.

Companies of infantry came one after another, till they seemed to be like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude.

A gay and brilliant pageant was thus before the eyes of the youthful spectators, and Oscar said to Frank, "I wouldn't have missed this for anything. It is capital, isn't it?"

After these companies had passed the spot where Frank and Oscar looked with eager eyes of unrestrained admiration upon them, the boys concluded to go on to the City Hall and to William's Hotel. Here they elbowed their way through the crowd, gliding around as boys only can, now here, now there, but always where the most was to be seen.

A motley crowd was assembled in front of both these buildings. Troops in the gorgeous trappings of military display were stationed here, both to preserve order, and to afford protection to the city officials, the United States officers, and more especially to the President Elect — the honest man whom the majority of voters had chosen to send to the White House.

It seemed a long, long time before the procession could be formed in due order, and yet the Marshal, and those who had the charge of the matter did not seem to be idle. They were seen to be flying hither and thither, on horseback, or on foot, with their batons in their hands which was their badge of office, and procured for them profound respect and instant obedience on such an occasion.

At noon the Senate Committee called upon President Buchanan — the inefficient old man who was about to resign his office to a worthier

successor — and then accompanied him to William's Hotel, a fine large edifice, thronged with travellers and boarders, there to greet the Illinois Stateman who was to guide the Ship of State for the next four years.

After the usual delay, the party with the valuable addition of the President elect and his friends, proceeded in open carriages along the avenue, at a moderate pace, so that the vast throngs on the sidewalks, balconies, and at the windows, could have a fine view of the dignitaries of the land.

Oscar and Frank were among those who gladly stood on tiptoe and stretched their necks to see the President elect, and Frank made the sensible remark to Oscar, in a sort of undertone — "He isn't handsome, I tell you, but he looks good. I should like to have such a looking man for my father. I know he'd be kind to me."

"Yes," answered Oscar, "and I shouldn't

be afraid to have him for a judge if I got into a scrape."

Children have sharp eyes. They are great discerners of character. And Frank and Oscar were not the only ones who early read in the honest face of Abraham Lincoln the generous and noble nature, the tender-hearted opponent, the magnanimous and forgiving judge.

Before the carriages in which the men whom the nation delighted to honor were seated, marched on foot or on horseback the military guard and escort, with the loud and inspiring strains of martial music, the streaming of gorgeous banners and all the pomp and circumstance of war. Scarcely did those soldiers imagine how soon they would be needed for sterner service, and those musicians that they should yet sound the reveille on the tented field, with the enemy in dread array before them, and the prospect also of a day of

carnage which would end in hard-won victory or sad defeat.

Thousands of private citizens in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, followed in the mighty train. The various arts and professions, fire companies, masonic bands and others with their showy engines, elegant regalias, and the various insignia of their office or employment, added to the brilliancy of the pageant, with the spectators of all ages and both sexes, and crowded the broad street.

The inauguration party reached the Capitol by passing up the north side of the ground, and entered the building by the northern door over a temporary planked walk.

Here Frank and Oscar could not enter. But those who did found that it was already nearly filled, and presented a gayer spectacle than ever before. The usual desks of the senators had been taken away, and there were concentric lines of handsomely ornamented

chairs placed for the dignitaries of our own and of other lands with which this country was in bonds of amity and friendship.

The judges of the Supreme Court and some of the senators occupied the inner half circle of chairs, on the right. The corresponding half circle on the left contained the members of the Cabinets of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln, and by senators. Senators again in the next half circle, and then the members of the diplomatic corps all in the full court dress of their respective countries. Their dresses were some of them gorgeous in the extreme, with diamond stars and brilliant ribbons denoting various orders and ranks. Other senators, governors of States, Territories, &c., occupied the seats further back, and outside of them all, stood — for there was no more room for seats — the members of the House of Representatives and chief officers of the executive bureaus.

The galleries all round the room were occupied by ladies, the privileged wives and other friends of the gentlemen present. It was a scene long to be remembered by those who were present. Some of the men who were there, though they did not know it, were never to be in that room again — and not a few were to be, ere another Inauguration Day, disowned by their country as traitors, infamous and despised.

At a quarter past one o'clock that afternoon, President Buchanan, with the President elect on his right, sat down in front of the clerk's desk in that senate room, facing all that august and brilliant assembly. Calm as a summer's morning was the face of that great man Abraham Lincoln, who by untiring industry connected with an honorable ambition, under the favor of Providence, had been lifted to occupy the proudest position in the land. He was good as well as great, and therefore,

in that hour of proud triumph, what would have disconcerted many another man, failed to ruffle his equanimity. It mattered not to him if men of high rank from other lands, proud of their aristocratic birth and lineage, were there, he was an American, honest, industrious, faithful, and upright; deserving therefore the respect and confidence of all. He was a consciencious republican, and bowed to no man, and as he sat there felt only the burden of the responsibilities he was about to assume.

In a few minutes Vice President Hamlin, who had been previously installed, ordered the procession to be formed anew, composed of those who were present. They were to march to the platform on the east of the Capitol, and did so, as soon as possible. A temporary covering had been placed there to protect the President elect from rain, if there should be any, while he read his Inaugural Address. A

vast audience was before the honest statesman as he read, and his clear, loud and distinct voice, must have entered the ears of at least ten thousand persons. After he had read his Address, the oath of his office was administered to him by the venerable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Buchanan was now no longer in public office, but Abraham Lincoln, the pioneer boy of the West, was the head of the nation.

Escorted by the military part of the former procession, the new President then went to the Executive Mansion. There he was met by General Scott, who warmly greeted him, and then the doors of the house were opened, and thousands of persons rapidly passed through, shaking hands with President Lincoln, who stood in the reception room for that purpose. Thus simply and quietly was a change of rulers made in our beloved country, when the exigencies of the times greatly demanded new measures and new men.

Young as Frank and Oscar were, they had become interested greatly in politics, through reading the papers, hearing speeches &c., and when they saw President Lincoln fairly inaugurated, for they pressed with the crowd, and were even near enough to hear the Address, they were jubilant with excitement, and shouted as loud as any.

“I wish we could shake hands with him,” said Oscar.

“So do I,” said Frank, “but we can’t; we are only boys.”

“I don’t think our President would call us *only* boys, or slight us for that. You ought to have heard what Adelbert Brown said to-day. His father went up to see Mr. Lincoln at the hotel, and he had his little boy — his name is Willie Lincoln — in his arms, and seemed as kind to him as any father could be.”


“Oh! he’s a good man, I know. I wish I

could be as good as he, by-and-by," answered Frank, and a remorseful feeling was gnawing at his heart, as he remembered how rough and unkind he often was at home. He almost made a resolution to do better, but he remembered how his former resolutions, one after another, had been made only to be broken, and he forebore.

"Come, let's go find the boys, and see what they'll say to us!" said Oscar; and they started off for the place of rendezvous, both, however, feeling hungry enough to go home.

CHAPTER III.

“TRUE BLUE.”

HE streets were still thronged, though not so crowded, with people. The day was one of leisure to a vast number, and they seemed determined to make it one of festivity. It was March, however, early

March, and not altogether as spring-like as May Day might have seemed, so that many soon sought the shelter and warmth of a fire-side. Boys, being proverbially unconscious of cold, were still in the street in immense numbers, and as jubilant as ever. It was not

long before Frank and Oscar were near the piazza where Frank waited in the morning for his comrades. The other boys of their company had reached the spot before them, and did not give them a very cordial greeting, though a noisy and vociferous one.

"There comes the skulkers!" shouted one.

"Before I'd back out!" said another.

"We want no traitors here!" screamed a third, and the Captain, as they drew nigh, doubled up his fist, and shook it menacingly in Oscar's face, growling through his clenched teeth, "You lied to me, eh! you rascal!"

"Stop that, boys!" said Oscar, as with a bold front he advanced, while Frank hung back, a little doubtful as to the result.

"Do give a fellow a hearing, will ye?"

The captain made a sign with his hand, and called out, "Attention, company!"

All were silent on the instant.

"Out with it!" exclaimed the captain to Oscar, who replied, —

“Any fellow is unreasonable who asks why we didn't get back. In the first place we were detained by business, and then I'd like to know how a fellow can get through such a crowd as we got into! And after we had lost you, it was like looking for a needle in a haystack to find you. But you got along without us, and now just overlook it all, and go with me after some oysters. I stand treat, to-day. I've got some money.”

The boys were softened. All of them were hungry. Half eaten breakfasts, and long, weary hours spent in the open air, were excellent aids to a good appetite, and they could not resist the potency of the spell which Oscar saw fit to exercise over them. Comparatively few of the company were present, so that the tax on his purse would not be very heavy. The other boys had bounded off towards their homes, impelled by the desire for food which had “gotten possession” of them.

So not a word was said about their delinquency, and Oscar started to find a restaurant, the boys following singly or in pairs. They walked rapidly along the street, and tried the first which came in sight, with its windows full of cakes and pies, and large gilded letters heralding the fact, that "Oysters, Hot Coffee, Ice Cream," &c., were sold there. But that which might naturally have been anticipated occurred. Every restaurant was full, crowded, overflowing. The grand events of the day had brought a vast number of strangers to Washington, and the hotel and restaurant keepers were reaping a golden harvest. One after another was tried, and finding every where full tables, and people waiting to be served, or for chairs to be empty, they left the more fashionable part of the city, and, still following Oscar, went to restaurants less elegant in style, and where a rougher class of customers were served. At last they found a cellar in

which was such an eating establishment, and one table at least was empty. Gathering chairs around that table as close as possible, though rather too close for comfort, the boys managed to be seated. Oscar called for the oysters, and while waiting to be served, they chatted gaily together. The scenes of the inauguration procession, and the street crowds were the prominent themes. All agreed that never before had there been such a grand display of military and civic companies as on this day.

“I shall remember it as long as I live,” said Frank. “And I heard the Inaugural Address,” added he to the boy at his side; “did you?”

“No! I wish I had. We were jammed in with the crowd, and couldn’t get near enough.”

“How did the new President look?” asked another boy of Frank.

“Look? He looked as if he was born a man if he was’nt born a king.”

“Good for you, Frank!” cried Oscar, joining in the conversation. “I’d like to know if he is’nt a king now, and a greater one than Louis Napoleon, or any other in Europe?”

“So he is,” said the captain of their little band, “but he came plaguey nigh not getting into the White House, and on the throne of this nation, for some of the rabid Southerners declared he never should be inaugurated, and it is said a plot was discovered, or at least suspected, to assassinate him while on his way to Washington, so he came through Baltimore, in a special train, disguised. So I heard this morning.”

“Well, it may be so. At any rate, those rascally Southerners are up to any thing. They treat their slaves like brutes, and that hardens them so they are ready to treat white people just so. That’s what my father says.”

The speaker of these words was Adelbert

Brown, whose father had seen President Lincoln and little Willie.

“I guess your father’s an Abolitionist,” said the captain.

“No more than the President. He is an out-an-out Republican ; that’s what he is ; and he says slavery will come to an end sometime, but he fears not without a terrible struggle.”

Just then Oscar turned to look for the waiter with the oysters, and his eye fell on a man of about thirty years of age, dressed in the blue jacket and wide trousers of a sailor. “Hollo !” shouted Oscar, startling those in his vicinity, and calling the attention of the sailor, “if there is’nt ‘True Blue !’”

“Ship ahoy !” responded the tar, as he recognized Oscar, “Heave to, and send a boat aboard.”

“No, you come and join us ; we’ll make room for you ;” and Oscar commenced crowding his next neighbor fearfully.

“Avast, there!” sang out the sailor. “I’ve most finished my grub, and then I’ll come and stand a watch near you. Don’t stow too close; I don’t want a chair.”

So the boys gave their attention to the smoking hot oysters which just then arrived, and pretty soon the sailor came and stood near Oscar’s chair. Before he came, Frank had whispered to Oscar, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the other boys, but not by the sailor,

“Who is he, Oscar? and what makes you call him ‘True Blue!’”

“‘What’s in a name!’” replied Oscar, smiling; “‘A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!’”

“Let Shakspeare alone, will ye?” spoke out the captain, with a frown. “Tell us who he is in plain prose. I’ll like any man that’s worthy to be called ‘True Blue!’”

“Well, he is, I can tell you,” said Oscar.

“ He’s a Marblehead skipper, and once when a saucy Englishman said something disrespectful of the Stars and Stripes, this man — his name is Martin — asked ’em if he remembered Revolutionary times, and 1812, and then he licked the fellow till he was likely to remember that year, too, and to hold his tongue about our flag. Then his ship-mates called Martin ‘True Blue,’ and the name has belonged to him ever since.”

The boys were delighted with this account. They were a little more patriotic than usual, having had the star-spangled banner before their eyes during most of the day, and having heard again and again, as they gazed upon its beautiful stripes and gleaming stars, the music of “Hail Columbia.” Besides, boys have a natural partiality for any man who bravely meets with a deserved rebuff any foreigner who dares insult America. Very early the champion-spirit is developed in a boy ; nor is it al-

ways sheer combativeness, but something nobler and better. The same spirit affects his literary taste, so that he will smile at his sister for liking the "namby-pamby stories," as he calls them, while he revels in thrilling accounts of wonderful adventures, valiant conflicts and hair-breadth escapes.

Thus it was that Skipper Martin met a warm reception from the boys when he came over to them. Oscar introduced him as "Skipper Martin sometimes, but 'True Blue' always;" and the boys responded with three hearty cheers, the captain leading off.

This kind of conduct in an ordinary restaurant, or one up-town, elegant, fashionable and decorous, would have resulted in the speedy ejection of the noisy juveniles, but in this "free and easy" room, as the owner called it, the uproarious welcome which the excited boys gave the champion of their country, as he seemed to them, was allowable, and awoke on-

ly smiles and sympathy from the other men and boys sitting around. No women were present, though female voices were heard occasionally from the adjoining apartment, where the clattering of dishes told of hot water and wiping-cloths.

The boys got calm again very soon, and listened with intense interest to "True Blue," while he narrated, in sailor phrase, some incidents of a recent voyage.

"How came you here to-day," asked Oscar. "It's a long while since I have heard from you. The last time I saw you was on Boston wharf, and then you thought you should go into the navy or merchant service."

"When did you first meet?" asked Frank, before True Blue had time to answer Oscar's question.

"A fathom or so under water, we met," responded True Blue, looking at Frank. "I thought Oscar's folks wouldn't want him to go

to Davy Jones' locker quite so soon, so I overhauled him in a hurry."

"He saved my life," said Oscar, "when I fell off the end of Long Wharf, in Boston," and the tone and look of the boy told that there was real gratitude in his heart. "But how came you here to-day, True Blue?" again asked he.

"Of course I came to see the elephant. D'ye spose I'd be as near as Alexandria, and not steer my course for Washington, when the man I voted for was going to stand on the quarter-deck for the first time? What d'ye think of a sea-dog like me, sailing up and down Marblehead streets with a torch-light in my hand? I've done it, and I'd do it again, just to hear one good 'Hurrah for Lincoln!'"

The jolly tar suited the action to the word, or the tone to the sentiment, for he swung his hat aloft and shouted loudly. The boys caught his enthusiasm, and at a signal from

the captain, they, too, shouted, "Hurrah for Lincoln!"

The keeper of the restaurant seemed to enjoy the hilarity and patriotic outburst of his juvenile customers, but a surly-looking man, about fifty years old, said to another, whose gray hairs ought to have indicated wisdom, in a tone of great disapprobation, "What a noise those young up-starts make! See what our nation is coming to! We shall have a villainous horde of Abolitionists following Lincoln to this city now."

The older man answered, with a provoking look at the sailor, and, like his companion, in a tone loud enough to be heard, "What better can be expected, when a set of Yankee mudsills rule the nation. Any rail-splitter can be elected, when the ballot-box is stuffed, and the ministers preach politics instead of religion."

"Shiver my timbers!" shouted True Blue; "What's that your saying? I call it treason,

and I'd hang traitors as high as Haman, if I had my way. Any man that'll talk so, ought to be put on board a leaky ship, with a short allowance of salt junk and wormy bread."

"Shut up your mouth," exclaimed the surly-looking man, with an oath. "You needn't think you Yankees are going to rule all creation, though you'd like to do so. If I catch any of your Abolitionists after my slaves, I'll make him stretch hemp,—I will indeed;" and he finished his speech with another fearful oath.

"If you're a specimen of Southern chivalry," answered True Blue, while the boys looked on wondering what he would say, "Dang it, but I must say I've seen better fish in our waters. But I shan't quarrel with ye to-day, so you needn't try to come athwart my hawser. I must say, I'd like to set such rebels as you to holy-stoning the deck in a gale of wind."

The nautical language of the sailor was a

little unintelligible both to the elder and younger portion of his audience, but none could mistake his tones, or the general tenor of his reply. "You're True Blue!" shouted Oscar, and rising, he proposed three cheers for Lincoln and the Union. They were given with a hearty good will by his comrades, True Blue lending the deep bass of his hoarse voice to swell the volume of sound.

The surly man looked as if he would have liked to reply, but dared not, and, disgusted, he and his companion rose and went away.

The boys finished their oysters, and then proposed a stroll around the city, with their new friend, but True Blue said he must go back to his vessel, as she was to sail in a day or two, and he wished to oversee the taking in of some cargo.

"I wish I could go with you," said Oscar.

"So do I," said Frank.

"Why can't you?" asked True Blue, who

saw that Oscar and Frank were walking along arm-in-arm, and supposed them to be relatives or fast friends.

“Here! I’ll make you an offer. You get your folks to let you see old Marblehead, and I’ll take you there in my schooner, and give you grub and a berth for nothing. I don’t know as I can bring you back, for the owners talk of selling my snug little craft, and I am hoping to get a better berth in the navy, with Uncle Sam for paymaster.”

“There’s your chance!” exclaimed Oscar to Frank, and then said aloud, “I can’t go this time, for my father has something for me to do, but Thomas wants to, I know.”

Frank opened his eyes wide, but Oscar only signed to him to keep silent. Then he continued, “My friend here, Thomas Evans, has long wished to see the North, and now if he can get a chance to go, I think he will gladly accept it, and I shall regard your taking him

as a favor done to me. You can run home and ask your mother, Thomas, and I'll plan it with True Blue. You haven't got much time to get ready in."

So saying, Oscar drew away from Frank, and understanding but too well what it all meant, bade True Blue and the boys behind them good evening, and went towards his home.

His mother met him in the hall. "Have you enjoyed the day, my son?"

He looked up at her pleasant face, and the anxious expression which had gathered on his own as he walked along towards his home, passed away, as he smilingly answered,

"Capital, mother. I saw the new President, and even heard his address."

"I wish I had heard it," said his sister coming out of the parlor, "but come in, Frank, and hear me sing this new song. I have learned it at last."

Frank placed his cap on the hat-tree, and

followed his gentle and loving sister into the parlor. His heart was full, and he was glad she only wanted him to listen to music, and not to join in conversation. He felt as if the crisis of his destiny was approaching, and he must soon decide whether he must remain where his duties were irksome, and he was a burden to others, or go away and work for himself. He was clearly in the wrong, but he did not so understand the case. His mother never felt him to be a burden, and his duties were indeed comparatively light. His contemplated grapple with life's labors among strangers, would soon show him that. But the hour for his departure seemed to him to be drawing nigh, and as soon as he could, he went up to his room, and prepared his valise for departure. He hardly knew what to pack, or how he should proceed, but he thought Oscar and True Blue would help him in any extremity. He had a little money, which, at Oscar's sug-

gestion, he had saved for the time of running away, and he hoped to find employment before it was spent. But, after all, his heart misgave him. Again and again the idea came that he was not about to treat his mother or sister as he would have them do to him. He felt that he was cowardly in running away, and yet he was afraid to be called a coward by Oscar, when here was as good a chance as he could ever have. So he resolved to go, and by the time he went down to tea, he had persuaded himself that he was right, and that his mother and sister would think so when he came home with a fortune earned by his own industry. He forgot that a boy who will not work without finding fault with the necessity for effort, at home, will not be likely to find labor very easy abroad.

While the family were at tea, the door bell rang, and Frank was called. His heart throbbed quickly, and had his mother's eye been

upon him, she must have seen that something was wrong with her precious, though sometimes wayward boy. But she was busy in attending to her boarders, and so was sister Mary ; and Frank got out of the room unnoticed.

He found Oscar in the parlor waiting for him. "Are you ready?" was the question.

"Yes," was the faltering response.

"Then come along, right away. You be a man, Frank ; get your traps and come with me."

Frank felt like anything but a man, acting a manly and high-minded part, when he came down with his valise in his hand, and his overcoat on his arm. But there was no time to parley. Delay might ensure discovery and defeat. A moment more, and the door of his mother's home closed behind him, and shut him out into the cold, wide world.

CHAPTER IV.

OUT ON THE OCEAN.



FRANK and Oscar walked rapidly away from the home which Frank's departure was to make so desolate. Now that he had decided, and taken the first step, Frank's mind was more quiet, as after a mental struggle, any decision, right or wrong, will bring a relief, which will be temporary or permanent, according to the character of the decision. But he was not without misgivings, only he was determined to proceed and overcome all obstacles. Young as he was, he possessed great

energy of character, and was, after all, pretty well calculated to work his way through the world.

“Where am I to find True Blue?” asked Frank.

“He is not far from here, in a store, buying some little knick-knacks as mementos of his visit to our city. Have you left a note, as I suggested?”

“Yes,” answered Frank.

“What did you write?”

“Only that I thought I could earn money where I was going, and would bring them some when I came back, and that they need not look for me, for I would write to them.”

“They’ll be after you if they know where you are.”

“Yes, I know it, and of course they’ll find out.”

“Why, you simpleton, you needn’t mail your letters in the place where you are. You

must not write very often, and you must never forget that your name is Thomas Evans."

It was wonderful what a power Oscar had over Frank. He had but to say "do this," and he did it, or so at least it seemed. Yet he could never have induced Frank to leave his comfortable home, and kind mother, if there had not been in Frank's heart an unswerving desire to be free from restraint, and to dwell amid new scenes and acquaintances. He was sorry, a little sorry, to grieve his mother and sister, but not at all penitent. He vainly fancied that the world would receive and shelter him, not knowing that he was like Adam, when the angel with the flaming sword barred behind him the gates of Paradise. He was yet to learn the meaning of the solemn assurance, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And ere his proud heart should be humbled, he was yet to look back to his mother's house with deep and bitter longing. But we will not anticipate.

In due time, Frank was on board "the Flying Fish, Martin, of and for Marblehead," as the papers succinctly reported the vessel. Oscar was with him, but he tarried only a little while, and soon the time arrived when the vessel should depart. Thomas, for so we may now sometimes call him, that being the only name by which he was known on board, had not particularly enjoyed his close berth, and the stifled air of the cabin where he had slept, for Captain Martin had assigned to him a berth in the state room next to his own, but, boy-like, he took a pride in appearing indifferent to inconveniences on board ship, which at his own home would have made him querulous and impatient. His food was not exactly what he was accustomed to eat at his mother's table. None of her delicate custards and nice puddings and pies, but simpler fare, and served with little regard to elegance and custom. But he was on the way to freedom and inde-

pendent, probably lucrative, labor in a new home, and he would not let trifles disturb his pleasure at the thought.

The hour came. The anchor was weighed, with the long-drawn music of "Yo! heave~ho!" The sails were hoisted one by one, and with a propitious breeze the vessel soon made good headway out of the harbor. Very soon Thomas began to feel uncomfortable, more uncomfortable than he had ever felt before in his life, he thought. His head ached, and there was a distressing feeling of nausea. An indescribable sense of utter misery and forlornness came over him. He grew sicker and sicker. He was dizzy and faint. And soon came the climax, and with a sensation of complete abandonment of all interest in any thing else, and a despair of ever feeling better, and a sickness that was complete, making "the whole head sick and the whole heart faint," he leaned over the side of the vessel, and, as the sailors ex-

pressed it, "threw up Jonah." Then he wished himself among the wild hills of America's Switzerland, among the relatives of his New Hampshire born parents, than on the blue and tossing deep.

"True Blue" had been so busy that he had not before noticed the increased paleness and languid motions of the boy; but when he heard the ominous sound that indicated the convulsive motions of the sea-sick stomach, he approached the youth, and with his rough speech, yet with real kindness of manner, and genuine good will, he exclaimed, "Ho! you land-lubber! Couldn't help paying tribute to old Neptune, could you? Never mind, you'll be better when you get the cargo all started from the hold. Here, my lad! let me help you to go down below to your berth. Lean on me, till you get to the companion-way."

Thomas gladly accepted his kind offer, and was never more rejoiced to lay his head upon

his pillow. He was sick for some hours, and then slept calmly and sweetly on the bosom of the ever-restless ocean. When he again came on deck, the land was far behind them, and the mighty deep stretched on before their little barque, as far as the eye could reach, till the blue waves in the dim distance met and blended with the azure of the sky. Here and there its broad bosom was flecked with the snowy sails of vessels, it might be from far different portions of the globe, and over all this wide expanse, which was an image of eternity, and these scattered vessels the emblems of human souls, there was spread the broad, bright canopy of sky, a symbol of God's impartial love and care. The young runaway felt the beauty—the grandeur of the scene. Involuntarily his heart said, “I wish that mother and Mary were here,” for he knew how much they would enjoy such a prospect. He had heard them speak with admiration of

ocean scenery, and he could not but wish that they stood on that deck with him.

“What ye thinking of, my hearty?” asked
“True Blue.”

“Of my mother and sister,” was the honest response.

“D’ye wish yourself back in your mother’s parlor, safely moored to the sofa or rocking chair?”

“Oh no!”

But this time the answer was not quite so honest, for, though there was no wavering of his determination to see the world, there was in his heart a wish to step in home, and see how they all bore his absence.

“I suppose your mother didn’t want you to get off soundings. Mothers never do. They’re always afraid of drowning or something, but that’s all right in mothers. It comes of their tender love. I suppose your father was willing or you wouldn’t have come here.”

Now for an evasion ; so Frank, — alias Thomas — answered, “ My father is dead, sir,” and turned away, as if he did not care to say any more. True Blue, with a respectful sentiment (never wanting in the sailor so proverbially noble and generous) of regard for the feelings of the bereaved, said no more. Thus the secret which the Runaway was to carry with him so long, remained undiscovered.

About an hour afterward, as Frank sat on the deck, or rather reclined near a large coil of rope, the Skipper again entered into conversation with him. The lad had been thinking sadly of his home, and regretting the pain his departure had caused, yet not so repenting as to wish to return thither. He was now glad of an opportunity to talk, and thus change the current of his thoughts. And if he commenced the conversation himself, he fancied he could steer clear of rocks and quicksands, and not permit True Blue to discover that he was har-

boring a deserter. So he asked Captain Martin, "What kind of papers do you keep in that flat tin box I saw you open this morning in the cabin? They looked like legal documents."

"What does a boy like you know about 'legal documents,' let me ask, first?"

"We had a lawyer once board at our house, and I saw a great many of his papers, and he used to tell me they were 'legal documents.' Yours to-day, being partly printed and partly written, reminded me of them."

"You are an observing chap. You keep your eyes open, and you'll learn, in school, or out, especially out. That tin box holds my vessel's papers."

"Your protection?"

"Yes, if you choose to call it so, or my license. Here! I have one in my pocket-book. It is a copy, and I keep it in memory of the first time I ever went skipper. I always used

to sail with my father, and was the old man's mate till I got this other craft. I might have been a skipper sooner, but I thought father needed me, and so I stayed with him, till God bade him cast anchor in the broad bay of heaven."

True Blue paused, and looked reverently upward. Then his great, noble heart found utterance. "I tell ye, my lad, you'll never regret doing all you can for your father, or, I should say, for your mother."

How Frank's heart smote him!

True Blue continued, as he drew a worn paper from his pocket-book, "Let me read it to you, young man. I've read it so many times I almost know it by heart. It is duly signed and countersigned by the Collector and Surveyor of the Port.

Lifting the paper nearer to his eyes, Captain Martin read,

“ District of Marblehead.

In pursuance of an act of Congress entitled, ‘ An Act for enrolling and licensing ships or vessels to be employed in the coasting trade and fisheries, and for regulating the same, Joseph Orne and Adoniram Martin, fishermen of Marblehead, in the state of Massachusetts, having given bond that the sloop called the Columbia, whereof, the said Martin is Master, —burden 16 92-95 tons, as appears by the certificate of admeasurement, dated at Marblehead, the 22nd day of May, 1856, by which certificate it appears that her length is 32 feet and 7 inches ; breadth, 12 feet and 5 inches ; depth, 5 feet and 2 inches ; square stern and billet heads, —shall not be employed in any trade, while this license shall continue in force whereby the revenue of the United States shall be defrauded, and having also sworn that this license shall not be used for any other vessel, or for any other employment

than is herein specified, license is hereby granted for the said sloop, called the Columbia of Marblehead, to be employed in carrying on the cod-fishery for one year from the date hereof, and no longer. — May 7, 1858.”

“There,” said he, as he laid down the paper, “that is the style of the papers below, about which you inquired.”

“Perhaps I ought not to have asked,” said Frank, timidly, “but I thought they related to the vessel, and I like to learn.”

“That’s right, my boy! Hold on to that idea, as a lobster holds on to a line, when he gets it in his claw. It may bring you to the top-wave, sometime.”

Frank had now arisen and was looking at the compass which was in the binnacle, or box in which the compass is usually kept on board a vessel, and which is arranged so that a lamp near it, can be lighted at night, that the helmsman may know how to steer.

“Can you tell the points of compass, my lad?”

“Yes, sir, I think I can.”

“Try it! Nothe, nothe be east —”

Frank took up the list, where True Blue stopped — “Nor’ — nor’ east, north east by north, north east, north east by east, east, north east, east by north, east —,”

“Yes, yes, I see, you’d make a jolly sailor boy. Why not go with me in the Navy?”

“My mother might not like to have me go so far.”

That answer came almost spontaneously; yes, it did come without thought; the natural utterance of the boy’s heart, which said to him, as soon as he spoke, what, in an undertone of sorrow, it had been all the while saying, “She does not like to have you go so far as you are going now.”

But there seemed no help for it then. He was out on the boundless deep. The wind

which filled the wide, white sails stretched above him, wafted him each hour farther from his home. He must tread the path he had chosen, and tread it without the remembrance of a mother's sanction. He thrust the thought from his mind, and asking for a spyglass, began to gaze at the vessels within sight. The sea-sickness, which was so horrible, had passed away, though it had left him with the languor of weakness, and the dread of its return. He could not yet feel accustomed to the motion of the vessel, and when she lurched, he usually lurched too. As "True Blue," often said, he "hadn't his sea-legs on."

The hours of that day rapidly passed, though somewhat more slowly to Frank than when on land with so many more objects of interest around, all asking for the attention due.

And now that he was not sea-sick, Frank was never weary of watching the changeful face of

"The boundless sea, that washeth many lands."

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE.



THE weather, during a part of the time that Frank was on his way to Marblehead, was far from being such as to make him fancy a sea life. As they drew toward the coast of New England, they found the month which had been comparatively balmy and spring-like at the South, to be farther North, only "Stormy March,"

"With wind and cloud and changing skies."

Frank found his overcoat comfortable whenever he was on deck, and was not sorry to sit

near the stove, when in the cabin. One morning, as they drew near Boston harbor, where Captain Martin desired to stop and leave a portion of his cargo, Frank went on deck, and found the soft feathery snow-flakes rapidly falling. They rested, without melting, on the deck, which was already white with its wintry covering, but the ocean, though gray with the reflection of the storm-clouds, bore no trace of their presence. Silently they fell upon its mighty bosom, and as silently melted away, like words, spoken by the lips, which leave no trace upon the atmosphere, but if written might prove more enduring than monumental marble. Frank walked to the side of the vessel, and looked over. The snow was falling fast, but there was little wind, and the flakes fell almost perpendicularly.

True Blue stepped to Frank's side. "We have a cold welcome to Boston harbor, my boy!"

“Yes, sir, and I’m sorry for it. I had hoped to see the city of which I have read so often, and discern for myself, at first sight, as I thought I should, the State House with its lofty dome, and Bunker Hill Monument, too, not far away.”

“Well, it may clear so that you will see them yet, as we pass along among the islands. But what are you looking so intently at that snow for? Doesn’t it burn your Southern fingers, to hold it so long in your hand?”

Frank smiled at the idea, and then replied, “I was thinking, sir, of what our teacher told us about the forms of snow, how each flake is in exact geometrical form, and many of those forms very beautiful.”

True Blue took up some snow and looked at it, then threw it away, and caught some flakes on his hand and looked at them. “I never thought of that before,” said he, “they are very regularly shaped and beautiful, too.

And would you like to see some of the red snow Captain Perry saw in the Arctic regions?"

"Very much," said Frank, and he looked up with an expression of deep interest, "but what made it red?"

"Oh, it was said there were minute marine animals in it; that was all."

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank, "that's it!"

Just then Frank conceived the idea of mounting the taffrail, as he had often done before, that he might have a more extended view. At this time, however, he really had no particular design in doing so. It was just one of those "boy-capers," aimless and fruitless, which every parent and teacher has noticed, and in which every live boy has to share. True Blue did not notice what he was doing at first, then, as he observed his motions, he exclaimed quickly — and with a gesture at once imperative and deprecating, "Stop!

Thomas, you're in danger. That's too slippery ! ”

But he was too late. The thoughtless, though not reckless youth, ignorant of his danger, and not dreaming that the snow had made the wood so slippery, had climbed too far, and in a moment slid over the side of the vessel and sank far beneath the dark waters. Quick as thought True Blue gave the alarm, “ ringing out,” — as sailors say — in loud, clear tones, “ Man overboard ! ”

Every man of his little crew was on the alert in an instant. True Blue, knowing himself to be an experienced swimmer, fearlessly bounded over the side.

The mate hurriedly gave orders to “ tack ship,” and then with a sense of terrible responsibility and suspense, awaited the result. Although it was day, the fast-falling snow prevented those on board the vessel, from seeing plainly the positions of those in the water. A



Quick as thought True Blue gave the alarm, ringing out,
in loud, clear tones, "Man overboard!" Page 80.

glimpse of the Captain, was seen just as the boat was lowered alongside.

“Save the Captain, at any rate!” shouted the mate. “He swims like a duck, but he might get benumbed in such weather.”

The men sprang into the boat, and “pulled with a will” after their beloved Captain. His warm and noble heart, his genial manners, and ever prompt care for their comfort, always endeared him to the hearts of his crew, and though they all liked Frank’s simple, unaffected good sense, and apparent thirst for knowledge, and gentlemanly ways, and would not have had him drowned, yet they were most of all anxious to save their Captain.

“I see them,” said the steersman, “Pull away, boys, Skipper Martin forever! Pull away!”

The sailors needed no urging. They bent their backs sturdily, and used to good purpose the sinewy muscles of their strong arms. Not

one of them had a hat on his head, save the steersman. He happened to be on deck when the catastrophe occurred, the others were below, and "tumbled up" from the forecastle without a pause for anything when they heard the startling cry, "A man overboard!" which burst from the Captain's lips, and was echoed by all who heard it.

"He's got him! We're gaining on'em! Now, boys, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!" said the steersman, again cheering his men.

In a moment more the boat shot alongside of the rescuer and rescued, the man and the boy, and both were speedily transferred to the boat, and with glad hearts the men rowed back to the vessel, which it was not easy to find because of the snow, and which they might have had more difficulty in finding, if the mate had not blown a horn from time to time.

Frank was taken on board apparently sense-

less, but not lifeless, and “all hands and the cook” were at once busy in restoring consciousness. The cook provided hot water and hot cloths, and the sailors, under the Captain’s directions, rubbed the benumbed body of the half-drowned boy as tenderly as his own mother would have done, and, to their great joy, with final success.

“You saved me!” were Frank’s first words, looking at True Blue. “Yes,” answered the skipper with his own noble simplicity and directness.

Frank closed his eyes. He was too much exhausted to talk much, and, besides, his mind, as might be expected, was a little confused. He afterwards described his sensations; said he heard True Blue’s warning voice, but too late for it to be of any service. He felt the blow as he touched the mass of waters, and then the peculiar sensation which belongs to utter submersion. Eyes and nose,

ears and mouth seemed to be filled with the salt and bitter sea, and involuntarily he swallowed the nauseous compound again and again. He felt himself sinking, sinking, sinking. He thought of his mother, and in the brief time before consciousness departed, he reviewed the past, and was not a little depressed by the retrospect. He then most heartily wished he had never run away from his kind mother, loving sister, and pleasant home. A moment more and all was blank.

Three times he rose to the surface the Captain thought, and was just sinking for the last time, when, with a desperate effort, the skipper reached him, grasped him by the hair, and held him fast, lifting his head, as far as possible, above water.

It was a narrow escape for both. The snow rendered it almost certain that they could not be found till one or both should be exhausted. But a favoring Providence had restored both,

and the skipper felt truly grateful to God, while Frank was equally grateful to True Blue. This circumstance served to knit their hearts very closely together, and never, in after life, did Frank cease to recal with love and gratitude, the man, who, to save a stranger boy, perilled his own life.

After Frank's recovery he thanked True Blue in very earnest and fitting words. "I do not wonder," added he, "that Oscar thinks so much of you. I can understand it all now. You have saved both our lives, and we shall never forget it."

"What sort of a boy is Oscar?" asked True Blue, who seemed to be glad to turn the subject, not liking to hear his own praises.

"Well, he's a pretty good sort of a boy generally, sometimes—" answered Frank a little confused, for he could not but call to mind many of Oscar's deeds which were not creditable to his head or his heart, and he felt,

especially, that his influence over him had been mainly evil.

"Is he a conscientious, upright boy?" asked the Skipper with his calm, searching eyes fixed on Frank's face.

"He does as well as he thinks boys need to do."

"And because he is a boy, he thinks he can be excused if he don't do everything ship-shape?"

"Yes, sir," answered Frank.

"Well, I think otherwise. A man should keep his soul as white as a pure-minded woman will keep hers. And boys have no more right to do wrong than men. Those that sow wild oats get a crop of misery. A boy ought to be like a ship. He should be freighted with good principles, and with Jesus for a helmsman and pilot, and the Bible for a chart, he'll steer straight into the port of glory."

Frank assented, and pondered on the words. Meanwhile the storm abated ; at least the snow ceased, and Frank had the pleasure of seeing Boston harbor with its many islands, its multitudinous fleet of passing vessels, and its dome-crowned State House adorning the summit of the highest land in the Tri-mountain city, and a fit emblem of the intellectual and social superiority claimed for *Bostonia* as “the hub of the universe.”

“How many islands there are in this harbor !” exclaimed Frank to the Skipper.

“Yes,” answered True Blue, “but these islands are gradually wearing away. Large herds of cattle used to feed on some of them, where now the ocean rolls its billows.”

“Do you know the names of any of them ?”

“Of several. That one with a frowning Fort on it, is a sort of key to the harbor. It commands the open sea, and it rises in some places nearly fifty feet above high water mark.

It is George's Island and the fort is named for the gallant Revolutionary General Warren."

Pointing in another direction, the Skipper continued: "that island with the hotel and a lighthouse on it, is Long Island, and behind it is Rainsford and the Quarantine Ground. Those rocks are called Nix's Mate. The story is that a mate murdered his captain and buried him there. That's Thompson's Island over yonder with the Farm School upon it. That's a good thing, I can tell you."

"What is so good?" asked Frank.

"Why, the school. Little fellows that have no homes, or no good ones, are taken there and trained to be useful and happy. In the right season the big boys work in the garden, and even the little ones have gardens where they play work. In the winter most of them go to school, and some make shoes and clothes for the school. They are all kept busy, and have a chance to learn and grow up to be

somebody. Every boy has a 'freedom suit' when he's twenty-one, and if he's apprenticed to a farmer, he has a hundred dollars in addition."

"Are the boys well fed and clothed?"

"Oh yes; and they seem happy and contented. They have books to read, and have quite a library of interesting volumes."

"How did you know so much about it?"

"Oh, I've been there to carry the Trustees or Directors, in my little sloop, and so I found out."

"What is the name of that Island with a large building on it?" asked Frank.

"Oh, that is Deer Island, and the Alms-house. It is large enough for twelve hundred people. And that over there is Castle Island with Fort Independence on it. And that one is Governor's Island, and Fort Winthrop is there. Why, my boy, I'd like to take you round among these islands some summer day. How you would enjoy it?"

“Yes, indeed I should, if I don’t get over-board.”

“Oh, you’ll be more careful in future. I s’pose you’d rather be like the

‘Three wise men of Gotham’

who

‘Went to sea in a bowl,’

if you could only stay in the bowl, than to be drenched again and half-drowned.”

“Yes, indeed,” answered Frank, laughing at the idea of the skipper’s quoting Mother Goose to him whose days of babyhood were so far back in the past, but those very words carried him back into that past, and again his heart smote him as he remembered the mother who had doubtless sung to him, as many American mothers have sung

“Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down goes cradle, baby and all.”

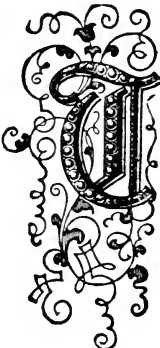
At any rate he knew her dear lips had taught him to say, nightly, what the venerable John Quincy Adams said he never forgot to say,

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

And so it happened that Frank's thoughts were more with his far-off mother from whom he was a foolish, and worse than foolish, runaway, instead of being with Boston, its claim to be called “the Athens of America,” or its celebrated *Tea Party*, &c., while he was sailing up the island-dotted harbor to Boston wharf.

CHAPTER VI.

“TO ARMS.”

HE weather became clear, though it continued cold, after the Flying Fish was moored at Lewis' wharf, and pretty soon Frank received an invitation to accompany the skipper up into the city. Fortunately, though he lost his cap when he fell overboard, he had a hat on board which he could wear, and he very gladly accepted the invitation. After a few calls on persons with whom he had business, True Blue led the way to Faneuil Hall, and mounting to the audience

room, Frank soon had the pleasure of looking upon the large and magnificent painting which there represents Daniel Webster speaking in the Senate of the United States, on the occasion of that memorable reply to Hayne, when he used the immortal words, which have become a nation's motto since, "Liberty and Union—now and forever—one and inseparable." With no little pride, as well as pleasure, True Blue expatiated upon the picture and its merits, pointing out Calhoun, Clay and other "men of mark," who were represented there. There was no want of patriotism in True Blue's utterance, and Frank felt, as he looked at him and listened, that if his country was really in danger, here was a man who would fight, and if need be, die in her defence.

From the Cradle of Liberty they went to the State House. The legislature was in session, and therefore they could not, as they wished,

ascend to the cupola which rests on the apex of the dome, and from which a fine, extended view of Boston and its vicinity is obtained. But they gazed upon the marble statue of "the Father of his country," which stands in a recess of the Doric Hall, and visited also the rooms in which the representatives and the Senators meet, and the Library and Agricultural Museum. Frank was particularly interested when in the Library, in looking over a huge volume representing the Birds of America, and painted from life, and drawn of life size by the great ornithologist, John James Audubon. The skeletons of a horse, and of a cow secured his closest attention when in the agricultural cabinet, and a model in papier-mache of a horse, whose anatomy could thus be studied. As they passed out of the front entrance, and stood on the steps, Frank gazed delightedly upon the common, the city, and the distant view ; noticing near at hand, in the

State House enclosure, the bronze Statue of Daniel Webster, he turned to the Skipper and said, "This is a red-letter day in my life, sir. I thank you for all this, and I hope I shall be able to show my gratitude some day."

"It is enough for me, Thomas, that you enjoy it. I hope you will live to have many such red-letter days, and make a good and useful man."

There was really in Frank's heart an echoing "Amen" to this kind wish, but he felt that his friend would not thus have praised him, had he known all. He longed to tell him, but he feared he would advise him to return, and his pride would not allow that.

On the way through State Street to the Custom House which Captain Martin, having some business there, desired to visit, "True Blue" said to Frank, "Here, Thomas, is the Post Office. Now if you want to send word home that you have got so far safely, you can

deposit a letter here to-morrow and it will be in Washington in a jiffy."

"I should like to write to my mother," answered Frank. "I'll stop somewhere and buy some writing materials."

"No, you won't, by a long chalk! 'Time and tide wait for no man,' and Skipper Martin don't wait when he has a net to haul. Besides there's a plenty of paper and pens and all that sort of toggery on board the Flying Fish, at your service, young man." And the Skipper bowed to Frank with much respect and a ludicrous expression of countenance which made Frank laugh.

They soon reached the Custom House, and Frank saw that it was an imposing structure of massive granite.

"Look at those columns!" said Captain Martin, pointing to the six large, fluted, granite pillars of the portico.

"I see," said Frank; "noble, isn't it?"

“Yes, a fine row of them, each in one piece, and each weighing forty-two tons.”

“Whew ! ” exclaimed Frank.

“They tell me this immense structure is built on three thousand piles, with a granite platform next, eighteen inches thick, and laid in cement, and then on all that they put the foundations of those mighty walls.”

“I should think the building would endure.”

“Yes, nothing but an earthquake could topple it down, I think.”

They entered the Custom House, and while the Captain was transacting his business, Frank looked around the grand cross-shaped rotunda in which he stood. He counted the lofty, marble columns which sustained the ceiling. Their capitals were highly wrought and very beautiful, and the ceiling was ornamented in a neat manner, while the sky-light was filled with stained glass.

“How long were they in building this edifice?” asked Frank of his conductor.

“About a dozen years,” was the reply, “and it cost over a million of dollars.”

They walked rapidly away from the Custom House, soon after, and went into the Market where the Skipper wished to purchase some supplies for his vessel. Frank was pleased with this edifice, and to the the immense quantity and great variety of provisions offered for sale, while his eye and ear were charmed by the music of the caged birds, and the fragrance of beautiful flowers in bouquets or pots.

Once on board of the vessel again, Frank sat down to write to his mother. He dated his letter in Boston, told her the incidents of the voyage, without however, mentioning the vessel's name, or her Captain's, or even the port from which they sailed. He did not fail to tell of his narrow escape from death by drowning,

and of the bravery and humanity of the Captain in springing to his rescue. He told his mother plainly that he wished her to understand that he was with a friend, but preferred to give her no clue to his future destination. He said he should leave that port for another very soon, so that it would be of no use for her to write to him, though he would be glad to hear that they were all well, and not offended with him for the step that he had taken. He hoped much from the future, was resolved to be industrious, and thought he should be successful, and go home some day to surprise them, with a fortune to share with them.

It was a boy's letter, but it showed a man's strength of purpose, and the mother, as she read it, felt that her poor misguided son would not come home till he was either successful or very wretched. But it assured her of his safety, and was thus better than nothing.

The next day the Flying Fish cast off from

her moorings, and set sail for Marblehead. The weather had changed and it was a fine, Spring day. The sea-breeze was cool, but the sun shone warm and bright. The wind and tide rapidly propelled the snug little vessel down the harbor, and she was accompanied by a crowd of other crafts, of all classes and dimensions.

“See those steamers!” exclaimed Frank to the Skipper as they stood near the helmsman, and looked round on the lively scene.

“Yes! How they cut through the water like a duck, and leave that long line of foam in their wake!”

“Where are they going?” asked Frank.

“Oh, they are bound to Portland, perhaps, or to Baltimore or Philadelphia. Don’t you wish you were on board of one on your way back to Washington?”

“No, indeed. I mean to stay a long while in Marblehead if I can get anything to do.

“What can a youngster like you do? Your hands are too white and soft.”

“Work can make them hard and brown.”

“So it will, my fine fellow, and you answer as if you were not afraid of work. I dare say you’ve been quite a help to your mother. I don’t see how she can spare you for long.”

“I want to work for money to help her.”

“Oh, that’s it? Well, then I’ll help you all I can, and there’s my hand on it. Ad. Martin will always help a boy that wants to help his mother.” And he laid his hard, rough hand in Frank’s, while the tears actually came into his eyes. There are no tenderer hearts than those that beat under a monkey-jacket or a red shirt, — hearts as soft as the hand may be hard. The rough children of Zebulon are as sympathetic as any gentle daughter of Eve, and there are no nobler natures than the sons of the ocean. Those who labor for their moral benefit have great reason to expect an

abundant harvest from the good seed sown in such soil, and God's promise still remains forever sure, that "the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Him."

The Flying Fish sped rapidly over the blue waves to her destined port, and Frank's spirits which had been a little depressed, (as the conversation with "True Blue" reminded him that he was a runaway, and had not always loved work, or been patient and industrious in the performance of his duties), now rose to their wonted height, and with a smiling countenance he watched the shores of Lynn, Nahant, &c., and gladly perceived Marblehead drawing nearer and nearer. The stiff breeze which was then blowing from the north, took them in with a rush, and soon they cast anchor near a wharf. About a hundred yards ahead of them, was a high cliff rising abruptly from the water.

This is a good harbor, generally," said "True Blue" to Frank.

“Isn't ~~it~~ always?”

“Oh, no; not in a northeast storm. I've heard my father say he'd seen twenty vessels ashore at once, after such a storm, on that beach yonder.”

The harbor is separated from the wide ocean, whose tumultuous billows roll in their majesty beyond, by a narrow and rocky peninsula. It is about a mile and a half long, and half a mile wide, easy of access, deep enough for a frigate of many guns, and usually, as Skipper Martin said, perfectly safe.

Frank looked with some curiosity upon the ancient fishing town before him.

“It's a queer place — old Marblehead!” exclaimed the skipper, “but you won't find a more hospitable welcome anywhere, even from the boys, though it used to be said of us that we were a hard set. I've heard folks say that Marblehead boys were as uncivilized as Hot-tentots, and would throw stones at a stranger

—‘rock’ him, we’d call it — just for the fun of it. But all that is humbug, Thomas. The boys, since my day, at any rate, are no worse than other boys that live on the sea-shore and learn to rough it like any old tar in their very childhood. Why, I’ve seen boys no bigger than you are, away out many a mile from land in boats that they handled as well as I could, almost.”

“How long is it since Marblehead was first settled?”

“Over two centuries, at the least. It’s an old place, and to me a very dear one.”

Frank soon went ashore with his friend. Small boys in pea-jackets and rubber boots met them at the landing, gave “True Blue” a cordial greeting, by that title, and gazed silently, but persistently, at Frank, who did not fail to return the compliment.

Marblehead is built on a high and rocky peninsula about four miles long and two in

breadth, with narrow, crooked streets, some of them rather steep and stony.

“True Blue” took Frank to the house of a friend, shortly after their arrival, saying, “Here’s a man that wants a boy to help him make shoes.”

“I’d like to be that boy if he thinks I can do it.”

“You can try, I suppose,” said the man, whose name was Bartlett, and whose benevolent looking countenance assured Frank of kindly treatment while in his charge.

“I am willing to try at once,” said Frank; “I want to be earning something.”

“He’s got a widowed mother to help support,” remarked True Blue by way of explanation.

The bargain was soon made, and that very night Frank took up his abode in the family of his employer, to whom he was known by the name of Thomas Evans.

He wrote a letter that evening to Oscar, telling him his prospects, but adding, "I don't know but I am a fool after all to leave my home. I wish I felt sure I was right."

To Frank's surprise and pleasure when he got to the Post Office, there was a letter for Thomas Evans, and he soon found it was from Oscar. It assured him that his mother and sister were well, for Oscar had seen them that day, yet not to speak with them, as they were not aware that the sharp-eyed boy whom they often saw near the house was the associate of their dear Frank, and the boy whose evil influence had lured him from his home. Had they known it, probably they would have endeavored to discover Frank's new home, through him.

Frank felt relieved to know that his departure had not made his home friends sick, and with a lighter heart he went to work next day. To do him justice, it must be said

he worked diligently and with good success. Occasionally he saw True Blue, and wished he was never going to leave Marblehead. But the vessel was old, and he was soon about to engage in the Navy, he said, if he could get a chance.

Only a few days more of comparative peace for the country, and then came the memorable 12th of April, 1861, when the guns of the rebellious South were opened on Fort Sumpter, the largest fort in Charleston harbor, and then under the command of Major Robert Anderson. At half past four o'clock on that Friday morning was the first gun fired, and a brisk firing was kept up, till finally, being without provisions and ammunition, Major Anderson reluctantly hauled down the beautiful flag of our country and surrendered the Fort. Intelligence was rapidly conveyed to the North, and the impression being that Washington would be the next point of attack,

President Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to protect the city. Massachusetts, with her usual promptness, responded at once to the appeal, and Monday morning saw a brave band of men starting from Marblehead to defend their country and the right, as their forefathers had defended it in the stormy period of the Revolution.

Frank and his employer were both at hand when the Marblehead company departed. "True Blue" was, of course, among them. With tears in his eyes, he grasped Frank's hand, and said, "Good bye, my lad! I'm proud to have this privilege of defending the dear old flag. If I don't come back again, think of me as one that died for Liberty and the Union."

"I wish I was big enough to go!" said Frank, and he heartily regretted that he had left Washington, for, if there, even a boy

might have found something to do when the cry of "To arms! to arms!" was sounding all through the North, and brave hearts responded, "Welcome!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW HOME.



RANK went back to his last. He had learned to stitch the uppers on to the soles pretty well, and was progressing finely in his new employment. He boarded, as we have intimated, in the family of his employer, and by his pleasant ways and uniform excellent behavior, soon won the regard of those under whose roof he dwelt. The children of the family also loved him. They were much younger than himself, so that their interest seldom or never clashed as might have been

the case with older children. On the whole, Frank had a tolerably pleasant home ; a much pleasanter "berth," as "True Blue" would have said, than a runaway deserved.

The influences about him were also of a decidedly moral and religious character, and with a view to make his mother feel happier about his absence, Frank wrote to her in a letter which he afterwards sent to Boston, and had it there mailed to Washington, as follows :

"You will be glad to know, dear mother, that the man for whom I work is a pious man. He goes regularly to church every Sabbath, and always wants me to go with him, and sometimes I do ; in fact, I generally do, unless I have a very interesting book to read, or do not feel well enough. I don't mean for you to worry about me. I'm well enough, except a little headache or so, once in a while. True Blue wouldn't call me sick as long as I could 'eat my allowance of grub,' as he would say."

When Frank's mother read the last sentence she wondered who True Blue could possibly be, and said to Mary, "I wish we knew who Frank means, for then we might get a clew to his whereabouts. None of our acquaintances go by that name."

Frank continued in his letter, "I hear praying enough, if that will do me any good, mother, for my employer always has prayers in his family, night and morning, and sometimes in the evening; prayer meetings are held in his house, at which I'm always expected to be present. I want to please my employer, for he gives me fair wages, and treats me kindly, and so I'm always on the spot, and if I do get tired of it sometimes, and nod before the last prayer is over, why, how can you blame a fellow like your Frank!"

His mother smiled as she read all this, and said to Mary, "I think the prayers will do him no harm. If he has got into a Christ-

ian family, I am truly glad and thankful. God is good to *me* in thus sheltering my wayward boy. I do hope that this family *act* as well as pray in a Christian manner, for, otherwise, Frank is sharp-sighted enough to detect the hollowness of hypocrisy, and such conduct would drive him from God, rather than attract him to our Heavenly Father."

"Yes, mother," answered Mary, "I hope they are real Christians."

The Bartletts were such Christians—such in heart and life as well as profession. They *lived* their religion, and while they revered the Sabbath, they did not keep their piety for that one day of all the week, but every day saw them in the quiet performance of the active duties of Christianity. They did not fall into the error of separating religion from common life, and hence Frank respected their piety, and their influence over him was decidedly beneficial.

Had they known that he was a runaway boy, no means would have been spared to induce him to return to his mother, or to gain, if possible, her full consent to his remaining with them. But never giant guarded a cave, or dragon a fairy castle, as the lovers of romance have depicted them, more jealously than Frank guarded his one secret. He was a changed boy in many respects. New scenes, new employments, and above all, a sense of responsibility which had been awakened in him, took away much of the boy from him, and made him by so much more a *man*. Ordinarily, this would have been undesirable. The happy period of innocent childhood should not be abridged, but, when it is, by the force of circumstances, or the human will, there is much calm satisfaction in the fact that mature years and thought bring also the delights of virtuous manhood or womanhood, where the human flower is nurtured tenderly in the Providence of God.

God cared for Frank though he was a runaway boy. In His infinite pity He shielded him from many evils to which he was exposed by his departure from his home and a loving mother's care. But God did not design that Frank should be thus wayward, and not suffer for it. No man or boy can sin with impunity. Sin and sorrow go hand in hand. Every evil deed, as well as every good one, will receive its just recompense of reward. Frank could not escape from his wrong-doing, for as the Scripture declares, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

When True Blue went away to Washington, Frank felt a little of the punishment he deserved, or rather, he realized a little more the consequences of his sin, in the deep and unavailing regret he felt that he was not at hand to see all that was going on in Washington, and, if need be, to aid his mother should the city be attacked by rebels. However he dis-

liked labor when at home, he felt that he would gladly now toil hard if he could only be there, and he closed his letter, from which we have already taken two paragraphs, with the words, "I shall be glad when I get money enough to return to Washington, and take care of you and Mary, in these war-times."

Strange, infatuated boy! If he had only told his employer, money would have been offered him to return, and his mother, with tears in her eyes, said to Mary, "I wish we knew where to direct to him, and I would send him money to come home, immediately."

But Frank was a self-constituted exile from home's sweet joys. His regret was unavoidable upon reflection, for "the way of the transgressor is hard," always.

Meanwhile, the Capitol City was fast becoming the most military city on the Continent. The President called for seventy-five thousand men on the fifteenth of April. The free states

nobly responded. As early as the eighteenth of April seventeen cars loaded with troops, in all about six-hundred men, all armed and equipped, arrived from Harrisburg, by the way of Baltimore, and were quartered in rooms in the Capitol.

Soon after, Frank received a letter from Oscar, who, to do him justice, was very prompt about writing to the boy he had injured by his bad influence. Oscar was, as might be expected, "wide awake" about that time. "Oh Frank! I wish you were here!" wrote he.

"In fact I was a fool to help you get away when I couldn't or didn't go with you, for I miss you now, in these exciting times. Only think! the other day they deposited a lot of new stuff in the Treasury building. What do you think it was? You're a greeny, if you think it was gold. But then I shouldn't wonder if you couldn't guess.

First let me tell you there's any quantity

of soldiers right in the Capitol building, eating there and sleeping there and dwelling there. And the Treasury department holds their provisions. There's any quantity there ; barrels full of white beans, barrels of sugar, sacks of coffee, &c., &c. Uncle Sam might keep store if he wanted to. All round the General Post Office are stored hundreds of barrels of pork and other army supplies.

The avenues to the city had been guarded and closely watched day and night. They planted cannon in commanding positions, so as to sweep the river if the rebels dared to attack us. The Mayor — you know him, Berret — Mayor Berret, he issued a proclamation for all good citizens and sojourners to be careful so to conduct themselves as neither by word or deed to give occasion for any breach of the peace.

And, I can tell you, Frank, we were pretty anxious here, when we heard of the rascally conduct of some of those Baltimore secession-

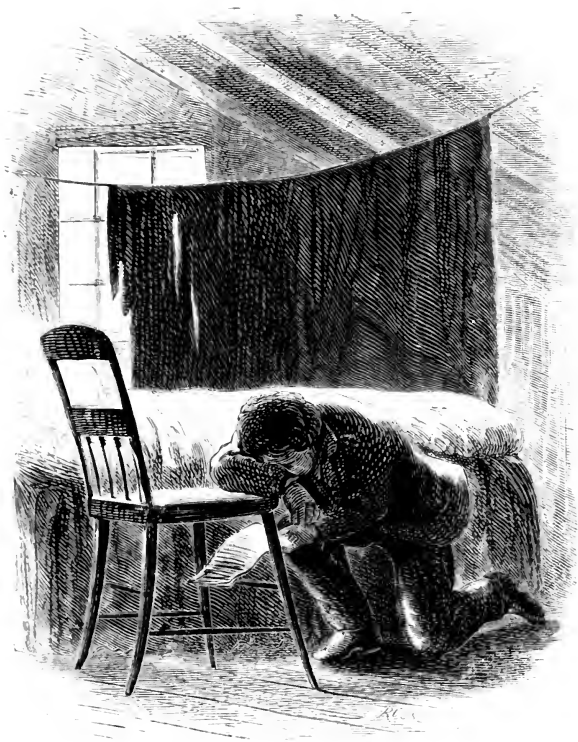
ists, and how they shot Massachusetts men right down in the street. We didn't know but that the same scenes would be acted over here in Washington. I hardly slept a wink till the New York Seventh Regiment arrived on the twenty-seventh. I wasn't frightened, old fellow, you needn't think so, but I couldn't sleep, and I guess the men couldn't either. I never saw my father so uneasy.

Oh, Frank! I wish you had been here when that New York regiment marched up Pennsylvania avenue, preceded by their band. They did make a fine appearance, I can tell you. And all folks acted as if they were half crazy with joy as they saw them. The men cheered, and the women waved their handkerchiefs. I heard a lot of darkey women cheering as loud as anybody, and one of 'em hollered out, 'We'll be free, hurrah!' I saw one rough looking fellow shake his fist at her, but she only hollered out, 'I'se mighty 'fraid you're a

secessionist!’ and he bolted. Some of ’em would have hustled him if he hadn’t.

And in a few days after, who do you think I saw among the soldiers? But of course you know. I learned that the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment was there, and a Marblehead company in it, and I hunted round to find somebody that might know him, and lo! there he was himself. Wasn’t I glad to see him? But I’d be more glad to see you. Keep up a good heart, and come home with a fortune when you come.”

This letter did not cheer Frank. He was saddened by it. In fact he looked so sad about it, that Mrs. Bartlett kindly asked him if he was sick. He answered “No,” and then, asking to be excused from the table, he went up stairs to his lonely bed, where no mother would come to tuck him up and hear him say his prayers as in his younger days, and as he thought of her and his home, the



Frank and his letter. Page 120.

fountain of tears was loosed, and he buried his face in his pillow and wept as if his heart would break. He was unhappy, but he was not penitent yet. For even then he did not have it in his heart to return to his mother. He was only like the prodigal son in finding that he had husks to eat instead of the bread of contentment. But not yet did his heart echo the words, "I will arise and go unto my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy son." He put Oscar's letter out of sight, for it pained him to see it, and next day sat down on his bench, to make shoes, with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS.



RANK did not answer Oscar's letter immediately, it awoke so many unpleasant thoughts, but before long the latter wrote again. His mind was on the alert, with such stirring scenes all around him, and he was having a portion of his punishment for urging Frank to go away, in the longing desire he had to see and commune with one whose ready sympathy he knew he possessed, and the answering reflection that his own evil deed had deprived him of the friend he prized.

So he fled to his pen for refuge from these dreary thoughts, and thus Frank had another description of the scenes occurring at his Washington home. Oscar wrote, after mentioning that Frank's mother and sister were in good health and their house well filled with boarders, some of them the wives of officers in the Union army who were stationed at Washington, as follows :

“I wish you were here to go with me to camp. There are troops on Arlington heights, and camps in various places on this side the Potomac, and on the heights opposite, in Virginia.

Oh Frank ! I went with father, on the night of the twenty-third of May, out to one of the camps. He had some official business, and had a pass. It was a glorious night. The full moon was shining,” —

Frank paused, as he read, and tried to

remember where he was, himself, on that evening, and finally recollected that he went to carry some shoes to the manufactory by whom his employer was supplied with work, and that the weather was so beautiful, the calm moonlight so enchanting, that he lingered on his way, and, finally, when he had done his errand, he walked down to the shore, and stood a long while looking off upon the moon-lit waves, watching the dancing ripples beneath the silvery light, but all the while feeling an indescribable sadness and loneliness, as the thought of his far-off home, and his own waywardness smote on his soul like the stroke of a lance on a molten shield which would send back an answering ring. The response to such a reflection could not be otherwise than painful. He left the narrow beach, and turned away into the uneven streets. Soon he passed pedestrians hurrying along, then groups of boys loudly talking of

vessels and fishing, or the soldiers and the war, and finally he came to a large edifice set, as it were, in the center of a square, each end alike with similar high steps and wide entrances. Every Marblehead boy will recognize the building. He sat down upon the steps. Along the street was heard a confused noise of rapid feet and merry voices. A bevy of boys were hastening up the street. As they drew nearer, one of them called out in a loud voice, heard far above all the din of the others, "Frank! Frank! where are you, Frank?"

Impulsively, and utterly forgetting his new and assumed name of Thomas, and with his mind still so intent on Washington and Oscar, Frank rose to his feet and gave an answering shout, "Here, boys! here I am!"

The sound of his own voice broke the spell. He did not repeat the shout. He felt that he was an imposter, going about Marblehead as he was, with an assumed name. He realized how

mean it was thus to deceive, and the loss of self-respect was the consequence of the reflection. The many light-hearted boys, who had not heeded his reply to the shout of one of their number, went on their way to their pleasant homes, and the poor self-exiled runaway sat down again upon those steps, in the clear moonlight, and wept long and bitterly. "What a fool I was!" thought he, "and how mean and wicked!"

Now, as he read Oscar's letter, and looked back to the night of the full moon, he remembered all this, and the same sense of deep wretchedness came over him, like a salt and bitter wave which would not only submerge his joyousness but which he must taste, and suffer in tasting. He swallowed his emotion, literally, and went on with the letter.

"The full moon was shining and it was perfectly quiet. We stayed till long after midnight, and saw some of the troops silently

marching to their new stations. You ought to have seen them when they marched along in the moonlight. Their bright bayonets gleaming in the silver rays, looked strikingly beautiful, as my father afterwards told mother. We came home about two o'clock in the morning, and met on our way a large body of troops going to Arlington Heights.

The next day our troops took possession of Alexandria. They went from here in two steamers, and landed at Alexandria pretty near where the 'Flying Fish' was, when you went on board. They called those soldiers who went there Zouaves, on account of their peculiar dress and drill. Their leader was Colonel Ellsworth, a young man, but father says, one of the bravest of men, and of good principles. There never was such a set of men as those Zouaves, so our boys all think — they were so perfect in drill. But only think! — and perhaps you've already heard it from the papers

— that brave young Colonel was killed on that very expedition. He was shot by a rascally proprietor of a hotel. Colonel Ellsworth went upon the hotel, and took down the secession flag which was there. He wrapped it around himself and started to come down again. As he was coming down the stairs, the landlord of the Marshall house where he was, fired at him and killed the brave Colonel. One of his men who stood near—I believe his name is Brownell, fired back on the landlord, and killed him. The body of Colonel Ellsworth was brought to Washington, and the funeral services performed at the White House. Our noble President was chief mourner. I went to the funeral, and to see the body of the brave defender of the stars and stripes. I declare I felt bad, Frank, and I wished I was a year or so older, and that father would let me enlist. I tell you what, old fellow, if this war lasts I

mean to be a soldier and fight for my country. I wish you were as old as I am, and both of us as free as you are to-day."

Now came another twinge to Frank's conscience. He knew that the freedom from parental restraint which he possessed, but which we cannot say he enjoyed, was wrongly obtained, and he felt that he could not expect to be happy in exercising it. But he put away such thoughts, as well as he could, and read on.

"I saw True Blue the other day, Frank, and he asked me if I had seen your folks, and told them all he told me about you, and then he said he would like to see them so as to tell you about it, when his three months are up, and he goes back to Marblehead. I turned the subject then for fear he would insist upon it, and you know that would never do. I shall bluff him off some way if he says

much more. But I must close this long letter, hoping to hear from you very soon.

I remain your old chum,

OSCAR."

Frank sat almost motionless after he had done reading this letter, and finally the tears gathered in his eyes. His employer sat at his work-bench not far away. The little boy — the son of his employer — who had brought Frank the letter, was standing at his father's side, spelling out a lesson in his reading book, and his father ever and anon, paused in his work of waxing ends, using the awl, or pulling through the thread, as he diligently sewed the shoes he was making, and helped his little boy over the rough places in his road to knowledge.

Mr. Bartlett noticed Frank's emotion as he read the letter, but he said not a word till he saw the crystal drops gather on the quivering

eyelids. Then he spoke in a kind and gentle tone, "Thomas, lad, have you sad news from home?"

"No, sir," answered Frank

"Your mother is well?"

"Yes, sir, and my sister, too. My letter is from an old playmate."

"You seem troubled about it. Can I aid you in any way to make you feel better?"

"No, sir, I think not. The letter makes me rather homesick."

"Poor boy! no wonder! But cheer up, you will go home by-and-by, with something handsome to give your mother, if you keep on being industrious as you have been. You do remarkably well for a youngster. Look on the bright side, and trust in God. Your heavenly Father keeps an eye over you. As 'True Blue' would say, he 'keeps a sharp look-out' for his children."

Frank did not answer to this, "but alas!"

thought he, "I'm not one of his children, at any rate, I'm not a good one, and I ought to be. I wish I could reform, or start anew some way, for now I am so unhappy."

Not many days after he resolved to write to Oscar. He took the pen and ink, which Mr. Bartlett kindly lent him, to his own room where he had some paper, and, putting his lamp on an old chest of drawers which were there, he stood and wrote to his former playmate. He contrasted, mentally, the conveniences for writing which he had on this occasion with the comfortable, cosy little sitting room, at his home, where, in an easy chair, he could sit at the great secretary and write with comfort. Now, he could expect none of these things. He was simply a hired boy under his employer's roof, hardly earning his board and clothes, by almost incessant labor, and not possessing any right to expect any convenience or elegant ease.

Little back-parlors, and prettily furnished library rooms, must give way to an attic of small dimensions, and limited accommodations in the way of furniture. But it was what Frank had chosen in choosing to run away from home. He was coming to realize this to a painful degree, and through his privations—though they were comparatively small,—to learn that

“ In the path alone of DUTY
Can the immortal mind repose,
Peace dwells there and there, in beauty,
Sharon's lovely flow'ret grows.”

He wrote with a heavy heart to Oscar. “ My old friend,” said he, “ your letters are welcome, but they make me long to be back in Washington, especially just now. I fear I did a very foolish thing in running away, but I don't know that I want to return yet. In one of your letters you said the boys are quite

interested in my welfare, are glad I got off so easy, and am doing so well, only they would like to have some fun with me. Tell them never to follow my example. I don't mean to back out, but I am not happy as a runaway, and I'd just as lief you knew it as not. I tell you a fellow feels mean running round the world under an assumed name, and I want to hear from my mother, too, You may laugh, as you used to about such things, and say I'm 'tied to my mother's apron strings' but there's nothing like having a mother to love you and look after you. A fellow may get tired of being dictated to sometimes, and long for his freedom, but a mother is something a boy prizes when he does get away. I dare say there's many and many a boy to-night, who wishes he had a mother to care for him as tenderly as mine did for me, and would give all the world to have her where they could get to her, instead of having her dear form under

the sod. Oscar, this change of my life, this experience may be making a better boy of me. At any rate it makes a soberer and sadder one. I will not write any more of this, it makes my heart ache so.

Give my respects to True Blue. Don't let him see my mother. I can't bear to have him know that I'm a runaway."

Frank then described his daily tasks, spoke of the war just then begun, and finally closed with, "If the war lasts I hope I shall serve my country too, and fight for the honor of the dear old flag.

Yours, ever,

FRANK NELSON,

alias, THOMAS EVANS.

P. S. Don't it seem like a criminal to have an alias?"

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE.



THE last the time came when True Blue was to return. The three months men were to see their homes again. They had fulfilled their term of service, had been of no little use in protecting the Capitol, and had won the good opinion of all loyal men, and the thanks of the country for the promptness, energy, and fidelity which marked their brief military career. Many of them re-enlisted, but some of them who had been summoned like Coriolanus from his

plough, at the call of the President, to leave their daily business, found it absolutely necessary that they should return home and attend to it again, or, if they were yet needed to save their country, to make requisite preparations for closing it up in a commendable manner.

War, and the dangers of war, were new things to the generation now called to the stern duties of patriotism, and therefore more than wonted anxiety was felt by those who gave up their dear ones at the call of Liberty, and on their return each face was bright and each heart jubilant.

The balmy air of the "soft, summer time" was stirred by the musical voices of the bells, ringing a glad welcome. The deep mouthed cannon bayed on Salem Common, and all around, wakening the echoes along the rocky shores of Marblehead, and telling the toil-worn and travel-worn soldiers that they were honored guests, for that time, in their own dear

homes. Civil and municipal authorities vied with each other in furnishing the escort and the eloquence which should assure the brave men, who had not hesitated to peril their lives for their country's existence, that their sacrifices were appreciated, and tables loaded with dainty viands awaited those who had left home's comforts and luxuries for government rations in knapsack, or by camp fires.

Frank was on the *qui vive* to see his good friend. He was anxious too, about it, for he did not know whether Oscar had succeeded in refusing the wish of True Blue to see the mother of the boy Thomas whom he had saved from drowning, and for whom he therefore felt a deeper interest. One glimpse at True Blue's honest, open countenance, as he stepped from the car, and glancing right and left, caught the eye of his young friend, assured Frank, that whatever he might know of his misdeeds, at any rate his heart was as friendly

as ever. Frank pushed his way through the crowd, and caught the hand of the brave sailor-soldier.

“Thomas, my boy! how are you? You look hearty, my old shipmate. Old Marble-head must agree with you.”

“But I fear Washington didn’t with you. You look pale and sick.”

“That’s a fact, my boy; I’m too much of a sailor to be healthy alongshore. The warm weather on land has taken the wind out of my sails. I can’t march as well as I could when I went away. Didn’t Oscar write you that I had been sick?”

“No,” answered Frank, “he wrote about you, but not that.”

“Did he tell you that I wanted to see your mother before I left, so as to bring you the latest news?”

“Yes,” said Frank, “he wrote about that, and—,” Frank hesitated. He could not tell

a deliberate falsehood, and add that he hoped he had, or that he had wished him to do so.

So he paused, and blushed, actually blushed —, but True Blue, did not notice it and went on —,

“I was too sick to go, finally, toward the last of my being there, and I had to give it up, but I didn’t want to. You’ll excuse me?”

“Oh, yes!” said Frank, blithely, for he was really glad that True Blue had learned no more about his true name and character. Just then, some other friends came up to welcome True Blue, and soon the time which was given to the soldiers, in which to greet their friends on arrival, was at an end, and they were ordered to “fall in” and, proceeded by a band of music, they marched away from the depot.

True Blue remained so feeble that he did not like to enlist again, either in the army or navy. But as the summer days glided away

he seemed to grow stronger, Frank saw a great deal of him, for he was often at Mr. Bartlett's and not unfrequently invited his young friend to go out on the water with him on those brief piscatory excursions which True Blue enjoyed so much, and which he regarded as particularly beneficial to his health, and very possibly they did conduce to his recovery.

One morning he came to Mr. Bartlett's and inquired for Frank. "He is out sawing and splitting wood," was Mrs. Bartlett's reply.

"He is rather industrious, isn't he?" asked True Blue.

"Yes, generally," she replied; "in fact, he never objects to doing anything that I ask him to do, though sometimes I can see that he moves about it, as if it were some sort of drudgery."

"He evidently has never worked a great deal," said True Blue, "but he seems willing to pull an oar with the rest. I want him to

pull one with me to-day. I want to go out on the water again."

"Your element, Skipper?"

"Yes, my element, Mrs. Bartlett, if you will call it so. I love the ocean. I love to be rocked on its mighty bosom. A ship is a jolly cradle to me, and I don't care if I'm out of sight of land for days together."

"Why don't you go in the Navy?"

"I'm going, Mrs. Bartlett, as soon as I get well enough."

Just then Frank entered. "Going where?" asked he, having heard only True Blue's last words, and feeling alarmed lest he was about to lose his friend again.

"Going to fish off Nahant, if I can get Thomas Evans to go with me. I want to be gone two or three days."

"Can Mr. Bartlett spare me?" asked Frank, looking delighted at the proposal.

"I hope so," was the sympathising response from Mrs. Bartlett. "Shall I go and see?"

“No, ma’am,” answered Frank, “he will tell me the same that he would you, and if he need me I don’t want to go and incommode him.”

So Frank went boldly to the shoemaker, and asked if he might be spared for several days to go with Skipper Martin.

“He’s as fine a fellow as ever trod a quarter-deck,” answered Mr. Bartlett. “I can get along without you for a while, and for his sake, as well as your own, I’ll say ‘*yes.*’” Mr. Bartlett looked up with a benevolent smile, and Frank felt that he had a better employer than he deserved.

So they went away together—True Blue who would have scorned to do a mean action, and Frank Nelson who had wilfully placed himself in a false position, and was a wayward, misguided, runaway boy. In after life, as he should look back on those years, he would be sure to feel that God was better to

him than he deserved, in giving him such a judicious, excellent friend, when the general inference would be that only evil companions would gather about a truant from his home. But Frank was not a bad boy in the main; that is, he was not specially vicious in his tastes and habits, he was weak and wayward, impatient of restraint, and easily influenced for good or evil.

“How are you going?” asked Frank, as the twain pursued their way to the wharf.

“In the little sloop we went on board of, the other day — the *Clio*.”

“How happens it she goes round to Nahant?”

“Oh, she’s got to go to Swampscot; and we can make a home in her, and then go out fishing from her.”

“I understand;” said Frank, “that’s capital!”

They went on board the snug little craft,

and were soon on their way. Only two men were on board who belonged to the vessel, and one young dandy who was a passenger, and had evidently never been out to sea before, and hardly ever smelt salt water. How he came in Marblehead in that ignorant plight seemed a mystery, for the very air of the rocky promontory was ever redolent of nautical life and experiences. But so it was, and the dandy was hopelessly "green," as Frank thought, while True Blue slyly whispered, "He's a land-lubber, and we shall have fun before he sails far."

Sure enough they did. Soon after the sloop was under way, it became necessary to "'bout ship," and while tacking it was requisite that a rope, which was fastened aft should be made loose, that the sail might change in order to catch the wind. It was equally necessary that this should be done in good season when the helm was moved for a change in the vessel's

course, or the wind might strike the sail in a different from the desired manner, and either capsize the boat or vessel, or, at any rate, defeat the end in view.

When they were about to tack, the skipper of the bonny little craft sang out, "Look sharp, there! stand by to let go that sheet."

"Aye, aye sir!" shouted True Blue, and sprang to the post of duty. Frank watched the movements with intelligent interest. The dandy looked on in silent wonder, and a little timidity.

"Let go!" shouted the Skipper, and looked round towards those who were standing near the sheets. The dandy thought he looked at him, and ere the stentorian voice died away, he half-tremblingly answered, with a look of helpless and hopeless ignorance on his face, "I ain't aw touchin' anythin', aw!"

True Blue skilfully executed the order at once, but meanwhile he had observed the com-

ical look of the surprised ignoramus, and heard the response, and he "could not keep in," as he afterwards said, but shouted with exuberant mirth, while Frank roared with laughter. The other men joined in chorus, but the dandy remained in blissful unconsciousness of the cause of their mirth, and looked vacantly off upon the ocean. It was a long while before Frank and True Blue recovered their equilibrium. Their risibilities seemed to have been permanently disturbed. When there was a lull in their glee, one would roguishly whisper to the other, "I ain't aw touchin' anythin, aw," and put on an idiotic stare, and then their mirthfulness would boil over again.

"It wont hurt us to laugh," said True Blue, "its good for me, and the Good Book says 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine.'"

A heavy fog came rolling in from the ocean not long after they left Marblehead harbor,

but they held on their course. The sea was disturbed, heavy, surging waves tossing the little vessel like a plaything on its bosom. "What makes the waves so large," asked Frank, "when the wind is so light as we have it now?"

"Oh," replied True Blue "it's always so when there's a fog. I suppose fog causes it, but I don't know why. There's a great many things about the ocean man cannot comprehend. The Atlantic is a study for a lifetime, and then you'll only get into your abs."

As they sailed along they heard a horn. "That's the Nelly Baker's horn!" said the Skipper. "She's early coming in, and she's got caught in the fog."

An answering horn was heard from the Nahant shore. Working their way slowly in, the Clio at last came to an anchor in Swampscot harbor. After a while the fog lifted, and then the anchor was raised, and the

vessel moved in to her proper moorings. The moorings consisted of a heavy iron chain fastened to a rock weighing several tons, which, years before, had been taken from the neighboring beach, and dropped to the bottom of the bay. The sailors knew its whereabouts, because its position was indicated on the surface of the harbor, by a cask attached to a stout rope, and the manner of securing the vessel to her was to haul the cask on board, and make it fast on deck. Thus the vessel was held to her place, only swinging lazily to and fro with the tide.

Swampscot is a village near Lynn, and has a fleet of some fifty or sixty fishing sloops and schooners, each of which has her own moorings indicated as above mentioned, or by some sort of a buoy, and fastened generally to two old, large ship's anchors.

Swampscot has an Indian name, and was once a favorite resort of the aborigines. Here

they had a village of their rude huts. The name of the tribe is said to have been "Abergonians," and at the time the English colony was settled here, they were governed by a female chief—a "Squaw Sachem." Ancient records show that from 1634 to 1641, it was occupied as a farm by Sir John Humphrey, one of the original patentees of Massachusetts. For over two hundred years it was a part of Lynn. Only a dozen years ago, or so, it was a small fishing village, unprepossessing in its appearance, but romantically situated with beaches, coves, and rocky points, that were exceedingly picturesque, and attracted the summer sojourners of Nahant. It was a droll, queer place, then, and some one says was "very like the Scotch fishing village described in 'the Antiquary.'"

But all this is changed. Now it is a fine looking, populous, flourishing town, with handsome houses, clean streets, and along its

rocky shores and beaches are some of the most elegant sea-side mansions in the State — charming retreats from the noise and bustle of the busy world, and from the sultry heat and close, confined air of our thronged cities.

“Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirits, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some fair-speaking wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind.”

CHAPTER X.

ON BOARD THE CLIO.



SCARCELY was the Clio safe at her moorings ere the sea-fog settled slowly and surely around them again. It was afternoon, and True Blue had designed to spend some time in rowing around the shore. He was obliged now to give that project up, and so he set himself busily at work to prepare fishing apparatus for himself and Frank. It was not difficult to do this, for every article needed was on board in duplicate, and many duplicated forms. There was fresh bait also on

board in the shape of clams yet in the shell, and so far from being bereft of the low form of life which they possess, were clapping and snapping and grinding their shells occasionally, apparently at one another, or, to say in clam-language, "I'm not dead yet," which is the vulgar version of Daniel Webster's sublimely expressive final words, "I still live." They baited hooks with some of these clams, and threw them overboard. Frank's line seemed to stretch, and the hook to be in the grasp of some finny creature, and he pulled rapidly away, hand over hand, bringing up finally to the surface, to his surprise and disappointment, only a large bunch of sea-weed.

True Blue was a little more fortunate. He, too, pulled vigorously as soon as he felt a bite, and drew up a large sculpin. "Here's a grubby for you!" shouted he. "The New Yorkers call it a toad-fish."

The specimen lay gasping on the deck, its

great, staring, goggle eyes, with their black pupils and golden irides, giving it a ridiculous appearance.

“How brightly colored its fins are,” exclaimed Frank, “and its tail, too? But it is far from handsome. In fact, if it was as large as it is ugly, it would be perfectly frightful.”

“Just so,” responded True Blue. “He’s a lazy thing, too. He swims but little, and spends his time lying on the bottom with his fins open waiting for his grub to come along. He’ll eat anything, and bite at a hook no matter how it is baited. And he never tries to get off the hook. In short he acts like an idiot.”

“Is the sculpin good to eat, True Blue?”

“Well, I don’t know, Thomas: I’ve heard some say he was fit to cook, but I shouldn’t want to eat him, if I could get any better food. I got hungry after fresh fish, once, while I was away with the three months’ men, and I don’t

know but I would have eaten a sculpin then, if I could have got one."

"The camp-ground near Washington was a different place from this blue water, and the rocking you like so well must have been greatly missed."

"Yes, Thomas, but I don't regret for a moment that I went. My country called me, and Ad. Martin wont wait for his country to call him twice when he hears her the first time. Did I ever tell you that I saw the President one day?"

"No, never, except once when you were all marching, or on review, you said he was looking at you. I suppose you mean some other time."

"Yes, I mean once when I was all alone. I was walking near the White House, and the great and good man came out. He had his youngest son by the hand. Little Willie seemed very happy, and his father seemed so kind.

I was taken aback to see him so familiar-like, so like any other kind and good man, that wasn't a President. I forgot myself, and stood staring at them till he raised his eyes and looked at me. Then I woke up, and made a salute. Only think he returned my salute with a polite bow, and I went on, feeling proud of having been noticed in any way by Abraham Lincoln."

Frank listened to this narrative with interest, but yet with a pang at the thought that he might have been nearer to the President, and perhaps have had a bow, too, from him if he had not chosen foolishly to be a runaway. Both he and True Blue mourned with the President when that little Willie went up to join the angels, and the heart of the nation's chief was desolate in his loss.

True Blue and Frank kept on fishing, till they had caught about a dozen cunners, and they then paused and cleaned their prey for supper.

"These look some like pond-fish," said Frank.

"Yes, Thomas, they do, and some call them sea-perch. But I generally hear them called cunners or nippers."

"Why call them nippers? because they have such a nipping bite?"

"I suppose so, Thomas. The New Yorkers call them 'bergall's' — a Dutch name, I guess. But the Indian name is 'chogset.'"

"I think it has names enough for so small a fish," remarked Frank, musingly.

"That isn't all. A man told me that in a book he read once, it was said that the Boston folks call them 'blue perch.' But I never heard anybody call them so."

And True Blue proceeded to prepare his fish for the frying-pan by stripping off the skin, leaving the flesh white and delicate.

Toward sunset the fog which had been rather undesirable

“Rose up in many a spectral shape
And crept away in silence o’er the waves.
The sea, from silvery white to deepest blue,
Changed ’neath the changing colors of the sky ;
The distant lighthouse broke upon the view
And the long land-points spread before the eye.”

True Blue and Frank went on deck, after their supper of fried cunners, which tasted well enough for an epicure, and threw themselves down on some ropes near the stern, where they could lie quietly and gaze upon the sky and shore and the restless billows of the great, wide sea.

Frank felt unusually calm and contented. Out there, swinging at anchor, he seemed cut adrift from ordinary pursuits, and lifted above daily cares and the ceaseless reproaches of his conscience, and for awhile he forgot that he was a wayward youth who had too soon and too rudely snapped the cords that bound him to home and a mother. He did love out-door life. He was learning to love the freedom of

an ocean-life, and so when True Blue proposed that he should go with him out on a fishing cruise to the Banks of Newfoundland, he gladly assented. True Blue thought Frank's employer would not object, and would give him work just the same on his return.

“How beautiful the picture is before us!” exclaimed True Blue, who, like many a sailor who may seem in his characteristic roughness careless of such things, was a dear lover of the beautiful in art or nature. Frank looked where he pointed, saw the indentations of the coast,—you could hardly call it a harbor,—and the small, white fishing houses all along the shore of the shallow bay, and the wooded slopes of the green hills dotted by ornamental cottages and elegant villas, while the golden glory of the sunset hour lighted the whole scene, and made it a picture of surpassing beauty.

In another direction was to be seen the

dark rocks of Nahant, its frowning cliffs and pebbly beaches, and near the end of the promontory the immense hotel which has since been destroyed by fire.

On the other side the surf broke on the beach, and near by stood the Ocean House, while back over the stern, they could see Egg Rock with the white lighthouse perched on its summit, and the waves foaming and dashing around its base.

There was quite a fleet of small vessels anchored or moored near to the Clio; and they also added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Most of them were schooners, and they ranged in size from five to fifty tons. The fishermen called these vessels "jiggers." They are employed in fishing for the market, and take the fish they catch immediately to the shore for sale, never salting and drying them. In the pleasant summer weather the Swampscott fishermen sail round to Boston to sell their

fish, but in Winter the Boston fish-mongers come by land to Swampscott and obtain their supply of fresh fish.

For a long while True Blue and Frank lay there talking of the scenery, the vessels and fishing. At last the stars began to glitter in the evening sky, and insensibly the conversation grew more serious: "Thomas," said True Blue, "how great God must be, when He makes such great and such beautiful things. I don't wonder the Psalmist says, 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him!' sometimes I feel so insignificant in the midst of the vast universe God has made that I can hardly feel myself worthy of His care and love."

The skipper and his shipmate were standing near to True Blue when he spoke, (the dandy

was early put on shore in Swampscott, for, as he said, "the ocean did not agree with his delicate state of health)," and the skipper answered, "That's so!" while the other added, "Yet he loved us so well as to give His dear Son to bring us back to Himself."

"Yes," answered True Blue, and there was increased solemnity in his tones, and an inexpressible tenderness gleamed out of his speaking eyes, lighting up his sun-burnt features, which were plainly to be seen, by those near him, in the fading light of the dying day, "and I can truly say, to-night, that I love Him who loved me and gave himself for me, and it is with a joyful heart — glad even to tears of joy sometimes — that by the eye of faith I see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels by the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. I want to grow more and more like

him that when I cast anchor it may be in heaven's broad bay, where I can praise him and serve him without sin forever."

A solemn stillness followed this outburst of Christian emotion. The men who listened were moved by deep sympathy; the boy who looked up into True Blue's face was awed with the thought that God might some day take his friend away from him, up to the better land, and with the unanswered query that then arose, "Would they ever meet again? would the runaway boy be forgiven and saved, notwithstanding

'Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame?'"

True Blue himself broke the pause by asking if it was not growing too cool to stay on deck longer, without more clothing, and finally he and Frank concluded they had better "turn in" early, so as to be ready for fishing

and rowing in the morning. The light-house fires were already blazing on the highlands around, and on far-away capes, from whence their light came glimmering across the solemn sea. Frank leaned over the side of the vessel, for a little while, after True Blue went to his berth, and silently thought of home and his mother. He might fling care away through the busy hours of some few days, when exciting scenes kept his thoughts on the things immediately around him, but night and its brooding stillness always brought the memory of the past, and along with it a remorseful emotion, but alas! not yet came also genuine penitence such as would make him return and ask forgiveness.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DORY.



TO-MORROW 'll be a new day!" was the suggestive phrase with which a saintly and sainted woman used to console one who went to her with childhood's petty cares and sorrows, and usually the morrow brought relief from that juvenile trial or the needed measure of strength to bear it.

Frank found that "to-morrow" was "a new day" to him when he opened his eyes and leaped from his narrow berth the next morning. Gone were the misgivings and fears of

the night before, for he had been refreshed by sleep, and in dreamland he had roved in fairy bowers. True, he may not have deserved that it should be so, but surely it was better for his health of body and of mind.

“How do you steer, to-day?” asked True Blue from his berth, in his customary nautical style.

“Just as you direct. I hope we shall be able to go to Nahant in the dory.”

“We’ll try, Thomas,” was the answer, and Frank hastily ascended to the deck. But alas! no picturesque scenery of last night did he behold. Fog, dense and dark, was at the stern, at the bow, alongside. Fog enveloped them, and Frank’s heart sank as he thought of the projected dory voyage. But it was of no use to fret. Hastily rigging his fishing tackle, he soon threw over the coveted clam, and secured the unwary or greedy cunners. By the time the cook was ready to prepare

breakfast, he had caught enough to fry a respectable panful. But he kept on till breakfast was ready. By that time the orb of day had risen, and he was glad to note that

“ The mist that like a dim, soft pall was lying,
Mingling the gray sea with the low gray sky,
Floats upward now, the sunny breeze is sighing ”—

and the promise of a day for boating is fairly given.

Breakfast over, the dory, which had been lying at the stern, was drawn alongside, fishing apparatus put on board, and the twain who liked to be “ off and away o’er the billows together,” stepped into their places at the bow and stern, and gaily shot away over the waters. At first True Blue thought he would “ scull,” or propel the boat by means of an oar at the stern, but finally concluded that he and his companion would enjoy sitting near each other and rowing. This they did, and there chatted

pleasantly of many things, especially of the houses and scenery in view.

“Were you ever in that great hotel?” asked Frank, looking half over his shoulder at the building of which he spoke in Nahant.

“Yes, once;” answered True Blue, “it’s a babel-like structure, only *large* instead of *high*.”

“Did you ever see a larger hotel?”

“Never. This is said to be the largest in America. There’s four acres of carpeted floors, and nine miles of bell-wire. And then it’s lighted with gas made on the premises. There’s a telegraph-wire to Boston, so that the folks stopping there can hear from the rest of the world, and the news is sent there before it gets into the Boston papers. At least, all this used to be done, when I was there, but I don’t think Nahant is such a favorite place as it was once.”

“How do travellers get out here?”

“Oh, some come in the steamer Nelly Baker, whose horn we heard, you know, in the fog, and some come by cars to Lynn and take the stage to Nahant.”

“Well, I don’t wonder they like to come here, and enjoy the cool sea-breezes, and bathe in the ocean, and sail on it, too.”

“Nor I, Thomas. They have jolly times, some of them. Sailing parties and chowder picnics are the order of the day when the sun is out, and when it rains there is the bowling-alley, and billiard-room, the hops and concerts and theatricals, for those that like such things.”

All the while the dory was drawing nearer to Nahant, and before long they drew it up on the beach, and started for a ramble over the rocky peninsula. Some regard Nahant as an island. One writer seems to prove this idea from the character of the vegetation and from other peculiarities in which it differs from the neighboring shores.

"Let's go to the Spouting Horn?" said True Blue.

"What is that?" asked Frank.

"Oh! it's a place where the water rushes into a sort of tunnel and then spouts out again with a loud noise. You'll soon see."

Sure enough they did both see and hear. As they stood on the rocky cliff above the Spouting Horn, Frank exclaimed, "Hark! I hear thunder. I hope we're not going to have a storm!"

True Blue only smiled. In a moment Frank exclaimed again, "Don't you hear it thunder, True Blue? Hadn't we better go back?"

"That's the old Spouting Horn, my boy, welcoming you and me."

Frank listened with a new idea dawning on his mind. The sound now seemed to rise from below. True Blue led the way, and they went down the dark rocks till they stood near

the wonderful Horn. They watched the waves roll in and break against the crag; then pour into the tunnel.

“How far does the water run into that cavern, True Blue?” asked Frank.

“The tunnel is said to be a hundred feet in length.”

Frank fairly danced with delight, and exhilarated by the wildness of the scene, and the startling effect of the white sheets of foam and spray which came forth with a thundering sound from the rocky cavern, he clapped his hands again and again, at every outburst of sound and spray, and shouted aloud “Hurrah! Hurrah!”

True Blue was pleased with Frank’s evident delight, and allowed him to linger some time an enthusiastic spectator of the novel sight.

Then he proposed a further ramble, and they climbed the rocks again, and walked along. True Blue pointed out Castle Rock,

and Saunders' Ledge, the first an immense pile of rocks, in form and arrangement reminding one of some old feudal stronghold, and the latter, huge iron-colored rocks around which the waves disport in their mighty gambols. On they went. At Caldron Cliff they saw the water boiling, but not as furiously as during some terrific storm. In Roaring Cavern they listened almost with awe to the waves again. Then they crossed Natural Bridge, and stood on Pulpit Rock, a large mass of stone nearly twenty feet square, and rising thirty feet or more above the foaming waters. The ascent to this Rock was very difficult, and the twain with difficulty accomplished it.

Passing on around the extreme point of the promontory they visited Swallows' Cave, a passage eight feet high, ten wide, and opening into the sea, and finally paused at Irene's Grotto, "a tall arch, grotesque and beautiful, leading to a large room in the rock and one of

the greatest curiosities of Nahant." Not far away was the wharf where the steamer lands. They finished their ramble with a visit to the great hotel, which they did not enter, and which did not then look as if it were thronged with visitors.

After a brief rest in one of the pavilions near, they went back to their dory, and embarked again upon the blue waters.

"What are these things in the water?" asked Frank, pointing to some jelly-like looking substances, circular in form, almost transparent, and in shape, while floating something like an expanded umbrella.

"Oh, we call those things *sun-squalls*," answered True Blue, "or sea-nettles, or sea-jellies."

"They have almost as many names as the cunner."

"Yes, and the Germans, I have heard, call them by a name which means *umbrella-jellies*."

“That’s a very good name,” said Frank.

“I’ve seen ’em,” said True Blue, “a foot in diameter and weighing several pounds ; but you put such a one in the sun a few hours and you’ll have nothing left but some dried skins. It’ll all dry up, or evaporate.”

“Singular !” answered Frank, musingly. And True Blue who, with all his roughness as a sailor seemed to have the heart and mind of a Christian, responded in the language of the Psalmist, “O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships : there is the leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee ; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather ; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled ;
thou takest away their breath, they die, and
return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are
created : and thou renewest the face of the
earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure forever :
the Lord shall rejoice in His works."

They then rowed on in silence. At last
they came to a place at no great distance from
the shore where True Blue said, " Let's anchor
here and fish a little."

" Aye, aye, sir ! " said Frank, smiling, and
in imitation of True Blue's style of speech.
So he rose and taking the anchor from its
place at the bow, he dropped it over into the
restless waves. Then they threw over their
baited lines and waited patiently for the fish
to bite. Nor did they wait long, and soon the
bottom of the dory displayed a goodly number
of fishes. Quite a variety, too ! There were

cunners in the majority, as to numbers and various in size. There were two specimens of rock-cod. This is a species of cod-fish which is small, and sometimes reddish colored : usually caught in the vicinity of rocks, hence its name. The other fishes they caught were mackerel. Few fishes are so handsome as this. In form it is elegant, and in color beautiful and brilliant. The upper part is dark green in hue, and the lower part silvery white, while all along the sides are wavy bands of mixed and changing colors, reminding one of changeable silk.

“I guess we’ll quit, now,” said True Blue.
“It’s past noon, and I’m hungry.”

“So am I,” said Frank, and he began to haul in his line, but before it was in, he felt a bite, and finally took into the dory a fine haddock.

“There is your St. Peter’s fish,” exclaimed True Blue.

“My what?” asked Frank in astonishment.

“Do you see those dark spots each side of that haddock, behind the gills? In Catholic countries they’ll tell you that the haddock is the fish from whom St. Peter, at the command of Christ, took the tribute money, these spots being supposed to be the marks made by the Apostle’s thumb and finger as he held it.”

“What a story?” exclaimed Frank.

“Did you ever think how the narrative of our Lord’s life is full of reference to fish and fishermen?”

“No, I never did.”

“Well, Thomas, I don’t, of course, remember all, but you’ll soon find I’m right if you look. There were the miracles of the loaves and *fishes*; some of his disciples were *fishermen*, and he told them he wished to make them *fishers* of men. Then there’s the story of the *fish* with the tribute money, and the parable of the net with the *fishes* in it, and

after our Lord's resurrection he ate broiled *fish*."

"Well, there is more than I thought. Is there much said about the sea?"

"Oh, yes, the Old and New Testament both speak of the sea. Genesis tells of the gathering together of the waters, called seas, and the last book of the Bible speaks of the fact that by and by there shall be no sea."

While they had been talking they had pulled up the anchor, and had begun to row towards the Clio. The day was delightful. A lull had succeeded a tolerably high wind, and the waves which had been a little white-capped, had subsided to the dead level of a calm. They shot easily and gracefully through the placid waters, and were soon on board the little vessel—their floating home. There they found plenty of dinner, and True Blue, who was yet far from well, gladly stretched himself for a nap on the deck, in a shady spot.

Sleep, however, would not come at his beckoning. In vain he wooed the goddess. She would not strew her poppies over him. At last he said to Frank, who was also lying on deck reading an illustrated newspaper which he had found in the cabin, "Thomas, my boy, I wish you would go down into the cabin, and bring up that book on the transom, just opposite my berth."

Frank fulfilled the request. "Now, my lad," said True Blue, "I want you to read the description of Nahant which is there. There's a mark in the book ; open to that. You'll like it, I know."

So Frank opened as he wished, and read aloud these words from the pen of the late Alonzo Lewis, the poet and historian of Lynn :

"The temperature of Nahant, being moderated by sea-breezes, so as to be cooler in summer and milder in winter than the mainland, is regarded as being highly conducive to

health. It is delightful in summer to ramble round this romantic peninsula, and to examine at leisure its interesting curiosities — to hear the waves rippling the colored pebbles of the beaches, and see them gliding over the projecting ledges in fanciful cascades — to behold the plovers and sandpipers running along the beaches, the seal slumbering upon the outer rocks, the white gulls soaring overhead, the porpoises pursuing their rude gambols along the shore, and the curlew, the loon, the black duck, and the coot, the brant, with his dappled neck, and the old-wife, with her strange, wild, vocal melody, swimming gracefully in the coves, and rising and sinking with the swell of the tide: The moonlight evenings here are exceedingly lovely; and the phosphoric radiance of the billows, on favorable nights, (making the waters look like a sea of fire), exhibits a scene of wonderful beauty.

But however delightful Nahant may appear

in summer, it is surpassed by the grandeur and sublimity of a winter storm. When the strong east wind has swept over the Atlantic for several days, and the billows, wrought up to fury, are foaming along like living mountains — breaking upon the precipitous cliffs — dashing into the rough gorges, — thundering in the subterranean caverns of rocks, and throwing the white foam and spray, like vast columns of smoke, hundreds of feet in the air, above the tallest cliffs — an appearance is presented which the wildest imagination cannot surpass. Then the ocean — checked in its headlong career by a simple bar of sand — as if mad with its detention, roars like protracted thunder; and the wild sea-birds, borne along by the furious waters, are dashed to death against the cliffs. Standing at such an hour upon the rocks, I have seen the waves bend bars of iron an inch in diameter double, float rocks of granite sixteen feet in length, as if

they were timbers of wood, and the wind, seizing the white gull in its irresistible embrace, bear her, shrieking, many miles into Lynn woods. In summer a day at Nahant is delightful ; and a storm in winter is glorious, but terrible.”

“There, isn’t that a fine description ?” asked True Blue, as Frank closed the book.

“Yes, indeed it is, and I shall always feel grateful to you for bringing me here to see and enjoy it all.”

“We’ll have one more trip in our dory before we sleep, I think, and I’ll show you some more of Nahant — at least more of the works of man there. I cannot promise that they will interest you as much as those works of God’s hand which you have seen to-day.”

And True Blue rose from his recumbent position. Frank’s eyes sparkled assent, and in a short time they were in the dory again, and pulling away rapidly towards Nahant.

They soon landed, and this time near the grounds belonging to an eccentric individual who had erected a hotel, which he called the "Maolis House," the name being the word "Siloam" spelled backwards. The grounds were fancifully laid out, with pavilions, ornamented in a grotesque manner, with paintings, rude sculpture, &c. Some of these pavilions contained tables where picnic parties could place their dinners, and while they sat eating, could leisurely behold the billowy deep stretching out before them. Not far from the pebbly beach was a walled enclosure where there was water, and above it a sign board declaring it to be the "Pool of Maolis."

"Maolis! Siloam!" exclaimed True Blue, "doesn't this make you think of the blind man that Christ sent to the pool of Siloam to wash and receive sight?"

"Yes, sir, it does."

"But tell me do you enjoy all this?"

“Not so much as I enjoyed the ramble and scramble this morning.”

“Just so, my lad, you think, with the poet, ‘God made the country and man made the town,’ and you think the last-mentioned something of a botcher, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do. How silly now, are these wooden lions, that wooden bull chained! but then I like the garden, and the swing, and the pavilions.”

“Well, they’re good in their way, all of them, but give me Nature’s own handiwork — I see the impress of God’s fingers then, and my heart is gladdened and strengthened.”

They walked a short time in the little village, and as the shadows began to gather, returned to the shore, and were soon borne on the waves, propelled by rather weary arms, to their berths, which they were not sorry to enter, and where they soon slept, and Frank floated out on that quiet sea of slumber in the dory of a dream.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD FORT.



HE next day, True Blue and Frank took the dory and visited Swampscott, and then went out fishing again, and very much did Frank enjoy taking into the boat the various specimens of the finny tribe which were lured to destruction by his baited hook, which was as an enemy in the guise of a friend — a wolf in sheep's clothing.

On the third day the Clio slipped from her moorings, and her prow was turned towards Marblehead. The shoemaker's work-bench

loomed up before the fancy of the boy, but did not seem so attractive as before these few days of freedom and out-door pleasure.

Yet he knew that, for the present, there alone lay the hope of earning enough for his own sustenance, and that fondly desired amount which he would fain take home on some bright future day to his mother and sister. Necessity was his master now, and he obeyed with what grace he could muster. The thoughtless, wayward youth was still the obstinate runaway, who would not be the returning prodigal, but yet he had sense and spirit enough to know his duty and to do it, so far as laboring for the supply of his immediate wants were concerned. He was soon therefore seated on his bench, and busily engaged in the mysteries of last and awl.

He had one especial consolation. True Blue was his fellow workman. His health was such that he was still unable to go to sea, or

engage in any out-door employments, and so he employed himself in shoe-making, as many of the Marblehead fishermen do when not away in the exercise of their chosen vocation.

Some delightful days they had, too, of wandering together about the ancient town, and some boat excursions — days which lingered in Frank's remembrance as halcyon periods of unsullied brightness.

One day they rambled toward the shore. "Come, let us go to the Fort!" said True Blue.

"What Fort?" asked Frank.

"Is it possible you've floated round here so long, and never discovered that? Come and see."

So they went toward the shore on the Northeastern side of the town. There they found the remains of earth-works, and small edifices within, which had once been the place of defence for the harbor, but which was then

bereft of cannon, and had now a broken-down, dilapidated appearance, which spoke little in favor of its utility in case of an invasion. They drew near, and descending the embankment, they reconnoitred the premises. An old grey-headed woman, tall and large-boned, came out and accosted them, civilly but with the air and manner of an empress, informing them, in inimitable tones of self-appreciation, that she was the "United States Agent" and had charge of the place. The unofficial character of her attire and general appearance contrasted ludicrously with her grandiloquent speech, and woke a smile on the faces of her auditors, which blossomed afterward, when out of her sight, into a merry laugh. But they did not, of course, treat her disrespectfully. She was undoubtedly a worthy woman. Her father was formerly in charge of the little Government property on that rocky highland, and the place with its small salary had been

continued to his daughter. After obtaining a draught of excellent water, they bowed her a "good morning" and ascended the embankment again. They lay down on the green and sloping bank. Below them were the dark rocks, frowning grimly over the dashing billows at their feet. Far away stretched the blue and rolling deep. Dotted its broad bosom were islands some with verdant slopes, and others dark with seamed and fissured rocks.

"What island is that?" asked Frank, pointing to one which seemed comparatively near.

"That is Lowell Island," answered True Blue, "and that large white building is the hotel."

"And what one is that which seems also to have buildings on it?" One of them looks like a lighthouse."

"There are two lighthouses. It is Baker's Island. That's a light the fishermen welcome

on their returning voyage, I can tell you. But, my boy, you must go out fishing with me next Spring, if I get well enough. Say, will you?"

"Yes, I will."

"Your mother will like it?"

"I think she will not object." Of course she would not, for what would she know about it?

"When did you hear from her last?"

"Last week, sir."

"Was she well, and your sister?"

"Yes sir."

True Blue judged, from the monosyllabic character of his replies, that Frank did not care to tell him more, and was therefore silent on the subject.

Soon after they continued their ramble. Over, far over, in another direction they came to an ancient graveyard. It was on the brow of a breezy eminence, and was a rather rough and rocky place for a cemetery.

“How came they to bury the dead here, in such a place?” exclaimed Frank.

“Why, the church stood here, perched on the highest point of land. Right there on that rock, in this bare, bleak, exposed place; real Puritan style. I suppose they wanted a place where they could see the Indians before they reached them, and being on higher ground have the advantage of them.”

“So they buried the dead here because being near the church it was consecrated ground?”

“Yes, and here they worshipped with their guns ready to fight if the Indians came, and one man always on the watch.”

“I’m glad we don’t live in such times.”

“Why, as to that, if you were down South, you’d think you were living in such times, I can tell you. War is war, and it’s bloody work anywhere. I shall be glad for one when this war is over. But if my health returns, I

mean to serve my country in it once again, if I get my death-wound."

"Bravo! True Blue! I wish I could go with you."

"I guess we will go — down home, for it's about time. But come here a minute, I'll show you something funny."

So True Blue led Frank to a tombstone somewhat discolored with age, whereon was inscribed the name of a lady, whom True Blue declared to be one of that too much despised sisterhood — "old maids," — and bade him read what the ancient spinster had herself directed to be carved on her gravestone. Frank read —

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

and then burst into a loud laugh at the incongruity of the epitaph.

Slowly they sauntered homeward. True Blue was boarding, for the time, with the Bartlett's so they went together. Mention

was made of the places they had visited, and then Mrs. Bartlett spoke of some lines which she had preserved, that described Marblehead and the fort, which she read, at the request of True Blue and Frank.

When Mrs. Bartlett ceased reading, her husband desired her to sing a popular song penned by Mrs. Caroline A. Mason.

“Do they miss me at home, do they miss me ?

‘Twould be an assurance most dear

To know at this moment some loved one

Was saying, ‘Oh, were she but here.’”

To know that the group at the fireside

Were thinking of me as I roam, —

Oh, yes ! ‘twould be joy beyond measure,

To know that they miss me at home !

When twilight approaches, the season

That ever was sacred to Song,

Does some one repeat my name over,

And sigh that I tarry so long ?

And is there a chord in the music

That’s missed when my voice is away ?

And a chord in each heart that awaketh

Regret at my wearisome stay ?

Do they place me a chair near the table

When evening’s home pleasures are nigh,

And candles are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm, azure sky ?
And when the good nights are repeated,
Does each the dear memory keep,
And think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered ' Good night ' ere they sleep ?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, and at night ? —
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light, —
Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
And pleasures less dear than before,
Because one is missed from the circle, —
Because I am with them no more ?

Oh, yes — they do miss me — kind voices
Are calling me back as I roam,
And eyes have grown weary with weeping,
And watch but to welcome me home !
Sweet friends, ye shall wait me no longer —
No longer I'll linger behind —
For how can I tarry while followed
By watchings and pleadings so kind ?”

Tears stood in every eye, as the melody ceased, and that silence, which is the sweetest applause, followed the gush of song, till suddenly all were startled, as with a wild out-burst of emotion, that would not be restrained,

Frank rushed from the room. All at once comprehended the cause, or, at least, thought they did. The song had broken up the fountains of that great deep in his heart whose waters covered the love of home and mother and sister, and he had gone by himself to weep over their separation. But they knew not all. They dreamed not of the stormy, wrathful waves of sorrowful and remorseful feeling that swept with terror and sadness over the runaway's soul, but they wisely left him to himself, and he was seen no more among them that night. It was long ere he slept upon his tear-wet pillow, and when he did, strange visions were his portion. In his dreams he stood upon the old fort, saw it garrisoned and furnished, heard the loud voices of contending foemen, and the deep baying of the cannon's mouth, and saw the flash of sword and musketry. He felt the sharp, glittering bayonet pierce his head, and then came

his gentle mother with her soothing touch and welcome words. He felt like one who has been out amid storm and tempest, and finally found himself moored safely in quiet waters. But he awoke, and lo ! it was all a dream, and again the runaway wept bitterly.

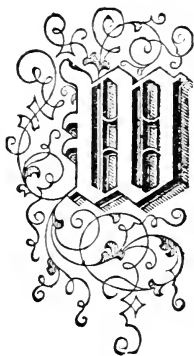
The next morning he came to the family room with a pale and saddened face, and when he asked Mrs. Bartlett for the pen and ink, she rightly concluded that he intended writing to his mother, and with a kind, "That's right, Thomas, write her a good long letter. You'll feel better for it," she gave him the writing materials.

True Blue had invited Frank to go to Boston with him in a day or two, and he wrote the letter that he might drop it in the Post Office there. Again he told his mother that the postmark would afford her no clue to his hiding-place, and again his heart smote him for thus prolonging her pain. But he could

not make her suffer by his wrong doing, without suffering also himself, for the sinner, his sin, and its results are like the three sides of a triangle, inseparably connected. The eye of God is on the sinner. He cannot escape the consequences of God's violated law. But God's eye is one of pity and love as well as justice. "He would have all to repent." Frank needed to feel that to be true.

CHAPTER XIII.

“HIGH HOOK !”



WINTER came, and with it much discomfort for Frank. He was not accustomed to a Northern winter, with its ice and snow. He had seen snow but rarely in Washington, and to have it on the ground day after day, and week after week, was not only a novelty to him, but to his Southern constitution an undesirable one. Besides he was not as well prepared for a Northern winter as he would have been had his kind mother been near to think of and prepare the

nice, warm woolen stockings, the flannel shirts, the overcoats, &c. — Mrs. Bartlett, however, was very kind to him, and manifested a motherly interest in all that concerned his welfare. It is not often — in fact, it is rarely the case — that a runaway boy finds so good a home and such kind friends to compensate for those which he has left. Generally such a boy would go from bad to worse, plunging deeper and deeper into sin and misery. God — perhaps for his good mother's sake — certainly out of His infinite mercy and love, shielded Frank from many evils, and thus he did not stray so far into vice and crime as he would otherwise have done.

But lest any wayward boy should think he might run away from home, and find good friends as Frank did, and be thus, himself, comparatively happy, or, at least, comfortable, it must also be stated that Frank was far from happy. Many times he was very unhappy.

Conscience did not slumber, and often when he was having what most boys would call "a gay time," with merry young companions, or out amid the loveliness of Nature with his dear friend True Blue, conscience would keep whispering to him of the Past, of his great sin against his mother—the great error of his young life. He carried always about with him an aching heart, and one burdened, too, with a secret he was ever fearing would be revealed. Besides, as before remarked, he could not be as brave and manly in his feelings as a boy ought to be, for he knew he was "sailing under false colors," by bearing an assumed name, and that kind of "sailing" he knew that such honest men as True Blue despised.

But, oftentimes sad and weary, often cold and lonely, he finally got through the winter. Spring came and brought health enough for True Blue to think of voyaging once more.

“Come, Frank, are you all ready? How soon can you get your fitting out? My duds are all packed, and I’m off next week. You said you’d go too, and there’s just a berth for you in the schooner.”

Frank understood the speaker, and cheerfully answered, “I think I can be ready, True Blue. Mr. Bartlett said he thought you would be after me this week, and I’m partly ready now. Mrs. Bartlett has been helping me, and Mr. Bartlett has given me lots of things that I needed.”

“They are good people, Thomas. They’re what I call Christians. They use the Bible for their chart all the week, as well as Sundays.”

“They have made me respect religion, and I wish I could grow up to be such a man as Mr. Bartlett.”

“He’s a true man, and none the less for not being a rich one. There’s not a particle of deceit about him.”

Frank quailed at this remark. He was thus continually reminded of his duplicity. True Blue continued, after a pause, "But we must hurry Frank. We want to be off in good season so as to be sure and wet all our salt, and come back with a good fare. I hope you'll be '*high hook*.'"

"What's that? 'High hook!' I never heard of that before."

"Oh, the one that catches the most fish is called high hook."

"I wish I could be, but I'm sure you'll beat me all hollow."

They parted to prepare, and did not meet again till ready to start for the fisher's Banks.

Away out on the coast of Newfoundland are vast tracts of shoal water where fishes congregate. These are called the "Banks," and thither fishing crafts from every port, and of every size, repair. Most of the vessels are schooners. All of them carry dories—one for

each man—except the man who stays on board the vessel to “keep” it. He fishes from the taffrail. Often great seines are used to catch the fishes as in the Saviour’s time on the lake of Tiberias. A

True Blue was usually skipper himself, but this time he preferred to go as one of the crew, since his health was such that he desired no responsibility, and wished to be at liberty to work or rest as he felt able to do. They got well started on their voyage, when, one morning, just as Frank was going up on deck, he heard a great noise and commotion; loud shouting of “hard down your helm!” “Keep away two points!” “Look out! we shall be afoul!” He hurried on deck, and soon saw what was the trouble. A dense fog had settled down upon the ocean during the night, which the rising sun had scarcely penetrated. He could see dimly through the mist, the dusky forms of other vessels, not very far away, but

apparently not likely to come in contact with their schooner. But, right ahead, bearing directly down upon them, with her bell ringing, and her shrill whistle screaming loudly, was a steamer, looming up through the fog into gigantic proportions. Her warning noises had been heard, but it was rather difficult to tell, till they could see her, which way they should steer to keep out of her path. On she came. Like the car of Juggernaut she might crush them beneath her mighty keel, and send each human occupant of the smaller craft to a watery grave. The danger was imminent. All saw it. All felt it.

But the Captain, who was on deck, was as cool as an iceberg. He had faced danger on the deep before. Quietly he watched the oncoming of the mighty giant of the seas, as the steamer appeared, and amid the loud cries of men, who in their fright, gave orders which he only should have given, he seized the helm

himself, and safely steered the vessel, so that she was soon out of the path of the steamer, which ploughed her way through the parting billows with a force and energy which gave one an idea of almost superhuman power, for she

“Walked the waters as a thing of life.”

Frank was forced to acknowledge, to himself, that he had been frightened, when the cold dew stood on his forehead after the danger was over, while True Blue quietly said, “I’m glad Captain Ronndy was so cool, for we might otherwise have been in eternity before this. God has preserved us through him.”

Frank felt that he was hardly ready to go from this world, and when he shortly afterward wrote a letter to his mother, which he mailed in one of the little ports where the fishermen sometimes stop, he told her of the new danger on the deep he had encountered,

adding, "I am glad I am spared, dear mother, for I do not want to die till I have seen you and my sister, and heard you say that you have forgiven your misguided son. I only stay away from you now, that I may have more money to take to you. I am hoping to earn much this trip, for I am partly a cook, and partly a fisherman. Usually, boys like me have to go only as cook. True Blue got me a better place."

After Frank sent this letter he remembered that he had, as once before, thoughtlessly, written the name by which he called his good friend in it, and it annoyed him a little, at first, but then he thought as it was not his real name, no one could trace him by that. He little knew that it was to form one link in the chain which was to lead him to better days.

Heavy fogs frequently enveloped the schooner on her voyage, but sometimes they had clear and beautiful weather for days together.

On the morning after their arrival at the little port where Frank mailed his letter, they essayed to depart, and again had a narrow escape. Frank was below "making up" the berths, which was a part of his duty, when he heard the Captain's voice in a loud, sharp tone, "Hard a lee!" He ran up the gangway. The wind had changed while the vessel was working her way out of the harbor. There was a low, narrow point of land which they wished to pass.

"One more short tack, and we'll fetch by!" exclaimed the man at the helm.

The vessel obeyed the helm, the sails were changed from one side to the other, and soon the land which was so dangerously near, and on which the waves broke in long lines of white surf, was far behind them.

The days of fishing were somewhat monotonous to Frank, and not a little wearisome. From early morning till late at night, they

were hauling in the noble cod-fish, and though tired and lame, spent many of the evening hours in dressing and salting their fares. Great was the effort made by all on board to be "high hook." During the voyage there were several days when Frank was "high hook," but usually more experienced fishermen gained the honorable title, and one of them, having caught the largest number of all — they all kept "tally" as they call it — carried home the desirable title of honor — "high hook!"

Frank was not a little surprised, one day, at seeing a rush made to the side of the vessel, by the men, when some one had called out, "Squid, O!"

The squid, or cuttle fish, is a peculiar specimen of the piscatory tribe. Long feelers proceed from his head, and as he is not formidable with teeth, or in any way, he is provided with a sort of sack of inky liquid with which

it darkens the water when it is pursued, and in the covert of that blackness, darts back out of the reach of his enemy.

The squid is very desirable for bait, and hence the eagerness of the fishermen to secure them. They are very voracious, and will bite at the bare hook, so they are easily caught. Sometimes, they are eaten, but they are not generally used for food.

“There she blows!” was another loud and inspiring exclamation, which Frank heard just as he was setting the table for dinner. He had been told its signification, and he gladly rushed out to see the novel sight.

“Where away?” asked he in true sailor phrase.

“On the weather bow!” answered True Blue. And there, sure enough, were the whales Frank had been longing to see. They were spouting in evident satisfaction, and their dark forms were plainly to be seen tumbling about among the waves.

“I tell you there’s fish there,” said True Blue, “always other fish where you see whales.”

They steered toward the school of whales, and at last anchored near the spot. Fishing lines were soon in use, and the “large haul” which was anticipated was secured.

“I’d like to go a whaling,” said Frank to True Blue.

“It’s dangerous business, and no easy task. If there’s a brave set of fellows in the world, it’s those sailors that have harpooned the mighty whale from Juan-Fernandez to the Arctic Ocean, and have not faltered even when to the usual danger of attacking this powerful animal, is added the icy perils of the Arctic seas.”

Frank bowed his head in assent. He felt that True Blue must be right.

CHAPTER XIV.

OCEAN SCENES.



OW I'm not sea-sick, I like to be on the sea, and if I could be sure of getting back safe from some of those foreign lands, I'd like to enter the merchant service, and go up the Straits, or to Canton," said Frank.

"How would you like the Navy?" asked True Blue.

"Not quite as well, I must confess, for at the present time our navy must stay round home, and I want to see foreign lands."

"But you are not afraid to go in the Navy,

thinking of that shot from a battery which might strike your magazine, and send the crew to Davy Jones' locker in a moment."

"Not exactly afraid, True Blue, but I don't want my life shortened just yet. I *hope* I should be faithful to my country if she should call me to serve her in the army or navy."

You *hope* you should? Well, Thomas, I like to hear you speak thus modestly. Boasting becomes no one except the tried who were not found wanting, and they are the ones least likely to boast. But do you see that cloud over there. We shall have a squall, I fear. I'll call the Captain."

So saying, True Blue vanished down the gangway. Frank looked at the approaching cloud. So rapidly did it advance, that it seemed indeed borne on the wings of the wind. Dark, heavy and portentous was its appearance. Fold upon fold of its sombre mantle did it stretch over the heavens, and by the

time the Captain, roused by True Blue, had given in loud and rapid voice his orders to "take in sail!" and "wear ship!" and they had been obeyed, the storm in all its fury was upon them. The forked lightning darted almost incessantly from the wild, impending cloud, the deep-toned thunder roared and rolled continuously, the wind blew with terrific violence, and the dark waves were lashed into the wildest commotion, their ridgy tops, white with foam, and rising and falling on the fierce rushing billows, the schooner seemed momentarily in danger of submersion. Frank felt the hour to be one of deepest peril. Once more he knew that he stood face to face with death. And once more he felt that the hand of a merciful God had turned away the unerring shaft, as after a season of suspense and almost of dismay, the thunder ceased, the wind lulled, the storm-cloud passed on, the heavy rain-drops gave place to gentle mist,

and only the wild waves still madly chasing each other, remained to tell the tale of the sudden and terrible storm.

Not so ! There was one other trace of the destruction which was in the path of the Storm King. Off on their starboard bow was a dark object. All eyes were turned toward it. Spyglasses were brought into requisition, and finally, as conjecture ripened to certainty, the prow of the schooner was turned in that direction, and with heavy hearts and anxious forebodings they sailed on to reach it. Every heart was sad. The older men feared some of their own shipmates or townsmen had found a watery grave, and Frank's heart throbbed in sympathy with the rest. They neared the dark object. It was the hull of a vessel, alas ! she was bottom upwards.

"That squall struck her !" said the Captain to True Blue. The latter nodded.

"There couldn't have been many lives lost, she's so small a craft."

“Thank God for that! There’ll be less sorrow in the fisherman’s homes. Oh, Thomas, what a life the sailor leads! so full of danger! And what a life his family leads! Full of vain regrets and anxious forebodings!”

“Are fishing vessels often lost?”

“Often, very often! Not a season passes but some gallant craft, and often many vessels, are wrecked on the rocky coasts or sand bars, or founder in a storm at sea.”

Meanwhile, as they drew nearer and nearer, the up-turned vessel seemed slowly settling, and one side seemed gradually to get lower than the other.

“She’s getting water soaked,” exclaimed True Blue, “or else the air is escaping. I believe she’ll sink before we get near enough to see her name. I can’t quite make it out with my glass. The words are long enough to spell Marblehead or Gloucester.”

Even as he spoke the vessel half-righted,

then slowly sunk with a loud, bubbling sound, as she disappeared beneath the turbulent billows.

“There! that’s the last we shall ever know of her or her brave fellows. I pity their wives and children that will only know their father’s was a *missing vessel*,” and tears stood in True Blue’s eyes, as he turned to the Captain, and said, “I think, skipper, we ought to thank God for our deliverance.”

“Do so, my man, I’m willing. All hands aft!”

All came to the side of the captain, and in a voice broken with emotion, and words simple and direct as his own straight forward nature, True Blue gave thanks to God for their late deliverance from imminent peril, kneeling himself upon the deck, while all stood with uncovered heads beside him, and Frank held the tarpaulin of his friend in his hand. The scene was one which impressed itself upon the

mind of the youth. He could never forget it, often afterward the memory of it awoke thoughts of reverent gratitude to Him "who holds the winds in His fist and the waters in the hollow of His hand."

Many curious sights and customs did Frank observe during this short "life on the ocean wave." Among others he was quite amused once when on board a mackerel schooner to see the crew prepare a lure for the fishes, by grinding up their bait small in a bait-mill. The latter consists of an oblong wooden box, containing a roller upon which knives are fixed, and which is turned by a crank. Poor fish of any kind, especially hardheads, are cut up by it, and thrown overboard by pailfuls to attract the mackerel, which are then caught in large numbers, with great rapidity.

Frank enjoyed his sea-life exceedingly for one who had been on the land all his life, till he ran away. But the truth was, he was sel-

dom sea-sick, never, except when just after starting from port, or in very rough weather, and not always then. He was wide awake to ocean sights, and found pleasure in watching the gambols of the whales and porpoises in the water, and the hovering Mother Cary's chickens that were to be seen in the air, or snatching any refuse matter from the waves to which it had been thrown. He liked to go on deck in the early morning and watch the coming of the King of day, as his dawning light first revealed the far-stretching ocean and the vessels that dotted its surface near and far, and then its rosy beams tinging the waters and bidding them sparkle in effulgent beauty. He loved no less to witness the glory of the dying day, the calm, bright loveliness of the sunset hour, and the impressive twilight season when the broad heavens with its extended horizon, began to reveal the wonders of creation by its shimmering stars gleaming

in the skies, and reflected by the ocean mirror, that stretched out in boundless grandeur below. And often during his watch at night did he pace the deck absorbed in the contemplation of the glowing skies that showed to him so many mighty suns and systems moving in changeless orbits, to the perfect music of divine harmony, and awoke the remembrance of other days, when with his sister, he studied Astronomy in that far-off home he might never see again. Then was his heart sad. Then was it heavy, weighed down with the thought of his great sin.

They reached Cape Ann in due season, made Baker's Island light with great satisfaction, and one glorious moonlight evening rounded the rocky highland and entered the harbor of Marblehead.

Frank's portion of the good "catch" they had made proved to be no inconsiderable sum, of which he enclosed twenty dollars to his

mother, mailing his letter in Salem, but telling her he did not live there.

Oh, if he could but have seen her tear-wet face, as she said, "I would rather see my lost boy than all the money in New England!"

CHAPTER XV.

TRUE BLUE IN THE ARMY.



TRUE BLUE'S health was certainly better. He now desired to be engaged in the service of his beloved country. His first thought was to enter the Navy, but as a large bounty was offered to those who entered the army, and he desired to secure that sum of money that a dear sister, an orphan like himself, might receive from it some benefit in the event of his death on the battlefield or hospital, he enlisted again in the Army of the Potomac.

He had some misgivings about his health, lest he should not pass a surgical examination, but he was successful, and finally enrolled and equipped as a Sergeant in a company just formed in his native town. His previous acquaintance with military life, though brief, was enough to give him place as an officer among those who now came to fill up the ranks.

He had many friends among his town's people, and they testified in various ways, their good wishes for his welfare during absence, and his safe return. The eminently social nature of the Marblehead people overflowed towards him, and one evening he was made the centre of a gathered circle of friends who presented him with a silver-mounted pistol, and in various ways strove to assure him of their sympathy. One of the company sang in soul-inspiring strains, a battle-song which was written by a brother of the lady who wrote

“Do they miss me at home ?”

and was dedicated to the Marblehead volunteers. Its stirring words were as follows :

“When the land of our Fathers was shrouded in night,
And Hope in the spirit burned feeble and low,
Young Freedom came down from her wild mountain height
And stalked through the ranks of the Foe.
Her banner was blazoned by trophies whose worth
Was wrought by her blood-written story ;
And the thrill of her presence and rapture gave birth
To a Nation's uprising in glory !

Her brow was as pure as her own mountain snow,
Her wild earnest eyes had a gleaming of steel ;
And the heave of her breast and her tresses' bright flow,
The young Child of Freedom reveal.
Oh ! proudly she gazed where the gleam of their camps
Showed the strength that her foemen could rally,
And proudly she smiled as the glittering ranks
Lay bleeding and crushed in the valley !

Thus Freedom has smiled o'er the land of the Brave,
O'er hearts that were constant and true to the last ;
If the storm then sweep over our path, let it rave —
We can stand to the toil and the blast !
Let us rally for Freedom as truly as when
The blood of our forefathers won her ?
Let us fight for our glorious Union, like men,
And be worthy the name that we honor !”

With a sad heart Frank bade his good friend “good-bye” at the depot, as he started for the “dark and bloody ground” of the South.

His regiment was stationed near Harrison’s Landing at the time he joined it, having passed through the famous Peninsular Campaign while he was out on the broad Atlantic. Very hot was the weather, and the camp by no means the most comfortable place in the world. But no discomfort could ruffle the serenity of True Blue’s Christian temper, — no privation prevent him from performing his whole duty to his country.

The days for some time were occupied with picket duty and drill, and often at night, he was on guard, pacing his lonely beat with thoughts of his far-away home, and of his lonely sister whose anxious thoughts and loving solicitude he knew had followed him to the scenes of danger and bloodshed.

One night, he was awakened from sleep by

the sudden call to arms which effectually disturbs a soldier's slumbers. The sudden and rapid booming of cannons and the whirring of shells had broken the silence of the mid-night hour, and all was commotion. It was discovered that the rebels had planted a battery on the opposite side of the river, and were hoping to inflict serious injury on the union men. But the great guns of True Blue's regiment were soon brought to bear on them, and it was not long before they were silenced. Some of their shots, however, had taken effect, and more than one brave fellow who was defending the Stars and Stripes was called to suffer as a martyr for dear Liberty.

In the camp True Blue was a favorite. The good loved him for his evident goodness, the bad respected his unbending integrity, and admired his social qualities and plainly apparent bravery. Yet he did not fail to rebuke sin wherever he saw it.

One day a soldier rushed out of a tent apparently in a state of great excitement, and swearing fearfully. He saw True Blue as he reached the road, and instinctively gave the military salute, at the same time apologizing for what True Blue must have overheard, saying in excuse, that the men inside had provoked him and used just such words to him.

“Have we any right to get so provoked as to use language that we know is not acceptable in the ear of God?” asked True Blue, mildly.

“No, sir, I don’t suppose we have,” was the answer.

“Do you suppose we ought to follow any bad example? Because another craft goes out of the right channel and gets among rocks and sand-bars, will true wisdom teach us to follow in its wake?”

“Oh, no sir. I agree with you, but I don’t stop to think.”

“I wish you could remember just this :

‘To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,’

it would be better for you,” said True Blue with a smile, and turned away.

“If they were all like you,” called out the private after him, “there wouldn’t be anything to swear about.”

There was another vice of the camp which True Blue in practice and with earnest words condemned. No strong drink ever passed his lips, and he could never see men steeping their senses in the vile potations of the tippler without a kind but earnest protest against that outrage upon humanity. He remembered the Temperance Society in dear old Marblehead with which he was connected, and he was determined to be a Templar worthy of his Knighthood. Pledged for life to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, he never felt that absence from his Lodge gave him any liberty in

the use of ardent spirits, or released him from his solemn obligations. He was sometimes put to the trial, but always came out like pure gold from the furnace.

One day, during a long and weary march beneath a burning sun, he was thirsty, and longed for a draught of cool, refreshing water, as much as ever traveller on Sahara longed for the oasis with its fountain. His own canteen was empty. He had drained his last drop. Fainting and exhausted he expressed a wish for drink. A soldier near, with friendly alacrity, offered him his own canteen. True Blue lifted it to his lips, but ere he had tasted a drop, the odor of whiskey was perceived, and he returned it untouched to the owner, with a sigh, and the words, "Oh, William, I wish you would sign the temperance-pledge."

"Pshaw! what harm will a little whiskey do! You need it. Call it a medicine and drink it."

“No, not I. I’ve shaped my course too long by the North Star of ‘Total Abstinence, and I won’t lay off a single point.”

“Not if you faint by the way?”

“I think I can endure the privation, and I would rather die than willfully break my pledge. I signed it first to please my sainted mother, when I was a boy, and I want to look her in the face like a true man when I meet her again.”

The young soldier looked at True Blue a moment; then took his canteen, opened it, reversed it, and poured every drop upon the ground.

“There, sir, I’ll sign the pledge when we halt, and send word about it to my mother; it will make her heart glad, I know.”

True Blue silently gave his hand to the young man in token of a sympathy and approbation beyond words.

The morning of the terrible battle of Antie-

tam arrived. True Blue arose early, ere it was scarcely day, and wrote a letter to his only sister, and a few lines to Frank. He knew a battle was before them, and he wished to speak a few words which might possibly be those of farewell. It was strange what a hold that boy had on his heart, he thought, but nevertheless, it was so, and therefore he wrote —

“DEAR THOMAS: —

I am about to go into battle, I suppose, and I write you a few words of friendly counsel as they may be the last I can ever give you. I need not tell you that I write as one who feels a deep interest in you. You know it, my boy. I saved your life as much because I liked you as because it was my duty, and I want the world should have reason to be glad I saved it. Thomas, I want you to have Jesus for your pilot. If I fall to-day I shall not see you on earth again, but I want to be sure of meeting

you in heaven. Be a good boy to your mother. I wish you could go back to her, and do as well, for at your age, a boy is safer with his mother. I would go back soon if I were you. At any rate, that's my advice. You may have it for what it is worth.

I cannot write you a long letter now. God bless you, my boy! Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, and so good-bye,

Your old shipmate,

AD. MARTIN."

This letter and the one to his sister he gave to the chaplain who took charge of the mail, and who was an especial friend to True Blue, prizing greatly the services he rendered in the regimental prayer-meetings and among the sick.

The drums beat to arms, and the gallant men formed in proper manner, and under leaders brave and patriotic like themselves, went forth to meet the enemy. The star-

spangled banner waved proudly in the morning light, and every heart beat high with love of country and dear liberty.

On they went, and on came the rebellious foe. Brothers met brothers in blood, but not in sentiment, for sanguinary conflict. Heavy volleys of artillery and musketry were fired on both sides. The carnage of the battlefield began. Ghastly wounds, bleeding corpses, gory forms of horses and men, the groans and cries of the wounded and dying, the stiff, stark bodies of men whose warfare was accomplished, chargers riderless, soldier's equipments strewn on the ground, the occasional sound of the drums and fifes as there was a lull in the firing, the cheers of the combatants, the scream of shells, the whirring of bullets, the incessant report and rattle of musketry — these were the sights and sounds of that awful hour.

True Blue was in the thickest of the fight. For a while he seemed to bear a charmed life.

His companions fell on all sides, but not a bullet struck him, not a shell burst near him. Cool and calm, with his heart trusting in God, he performed his duty.

But his hour came. A minnie bullet tore through the side of his face, and a shell prostrated him. He was borne from the field, by men who wept as they turned to leave his senseless form, and went back into the battle, feeling sure that if they themselves survived, it would not be to meet his welcome smile again.

That terrible day will never be forgotten. Those other terrible days which followed!— Oh, how many hearts bleed at the word— Antietam! Brave hearts and noble souls heard the roll-call of eternity that day, amid the fierce strife for the supremacy of law and the reign of liberty, and “went up higher,” while along the telegraphic wires flashed the sad tidings of bereavement to the waiting, anxious hearts at home.

Death to those heroes was only another
name for Victory, and

“Freedom’s battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DYING SOLDIER.



ORNE from the battlefield as he was, so soon, True Blue did not share the hapless fate of many of our wounded soldiers when the rest were obliged to leave during the few days that followed.

He was tenderly cared for by the surgeons and by the men who acted as nurses. Generous hearts connected with that noble national charity, the Sanitary Commission, ministered to his wants, and, though his wounds were fearful, he lingered on, and was finally

conveyed to a hospital not far from Washington.

One of the nurses in that hospital was a Washington lady with whom Mary Nelson was acquainted. She was present when True Blue was brought to the hospital, and for several days ministered to his wants without inquiring his name.

One day, as she sat near him engaged in preparing some bandages for his terrible wounds, a young man entered, having on the Federal uniform. His face looked familiar, but his dress perhaps had altered him. Though the nurse felt sure she had seen him before, she could not recognize him fully.

"How are you, True Blue?" was his first salutation.

The wounded soldier recognized him at once, pointed with a look of pride to his uniform, and then said, with great effort, "Almost home, Oscar."

They conversed a few moments, Oscar doing most of the talking, and the nurse having moved away, so that they were alone. Thomas Evans was one theme of their conversation. The nurse was called away, but soon came back with a young lady, who cast a sharp glance on the young man, and looked long and kindly on the wounded soldier. Oscar noticed her. He knew her, but knew also that she did not know him, and little dreamed that the older boy who had aided her brother to gain a fancied freedom, was before her.

The nurse and Mary Nelson went away again, and when the nurse came back, the young man was gone, the wounded soldier was asleep, and on the bed was a little note, thus worded :

“NURSE, — Please tell the young lady who was here with you this afternoon, that this wounded soldier once saved her brother from drowning.

VISITOR.”

The suspicions of the nurse and Mary were now confirmed. The nurse had only a little while before heard Mary Nelson and her mother talk of the absent Frank, and listened to his letters. The name of his friend had been impressed upon her memory, by the fact that she, herself, was once called so by a dear friend because of her constancy. When therefore she heard the name, her thoughts went back at once to that letter. Mary Nelson was in the habit of visiting that hospital, in order to give what comfort she could to the sick and wounded soldiers, with her jellies, custards, flowers and fruits. Her mother sometimes accompanied her, or came without her, but more rarely, as she could not be easily spared from her home. The nurse was expecting Mary when she heard that name, and it was her intention to question Oscar after Mary had departed, if he had not also so soon taken his flight. But he was in the Army, and his fur-

lough short. He rightly concluded that if he wrote that note, while it would not give any clue to Frank's home, it might secure for True Blue extra comfort and care. To give Oscar due credit, his motive was really good, and he wished to have the noble sailor cared for very tenderly. His own family were out of town, all of them. He had only just heard of True Blue's state, and hastened to him at once. By the side of the note lay a five dollar bill with a small slip of paper wrapped within it, on which Oscar had written, "Spend this for the soldier."

The nurse, a conscientious, high-minded woman, took charge of both notes and bill, and spent it freely for her patient's comfort.

Towards night she was again sitting near True Blue, who was lying awake, but quiet, when the same young lady came to her.

"I could not stay away all night, Mrs. Bruce: I was so impatient to hear if you could learn anything of my brother."

“Here is a note, which will interest you. Perhaps we have a clue.”

Mary read the note, then kissed it, and exclaimed, “It must be true. Where did you get this? That young man?”

Yes, he was gone when I got back, and left this.”

“And you do not know him?”

“I’ve seen him somewhere, but I don’t know his name.”

“Perhaps he will come again.”

“No, I don’t think he will; for he evidently did not mean to tell us any more, and if he was coming again he would not have left the note or the money, till his last call, I think.”

“What can we do?”

“Nothing, but take care of this dear soldier.”

“Can’t you ask him?”

“The surgeon has forbidden any more conversation with him to-day. He says something

has excited him, and he is not as well. It must be the visit of that young man."

True Blue's eyes were fixed on Mary's face, and he beckoned to her, and whispered something. His eyes looked as if he saw more than others could discern. Plainly, he was not quite as clear-headed as he had been. Delirium was approaching.

What he did say, was, "Thomas? Come Thomas!" for Mary's likeness to her brother deceived the failing faculties of the dying man. He was dying — so the nurse said — so the surgeon declared, and Mary left with the words, "I shall stay at home and let my mother come to him. She will want to nurse poor Frank's friend. You will let her."

The nurse bowed assent with tearful eyes, and it was not long before Mrs. Nelson herself was by the bedside of True Blue. Oh how tenderly she bent above him! How she smoothed his pillow, and bathed his brow, and

rubbed his hands, and bound up his injured leg, and ministered with a mother's love and care to his wants, need not be told, for she thought of Frank, and her heart blessed the dying soldier with all the fullness of a mother's gratitude.

The wound in his cheek made it difficult for True Blue to converse, so that even when not delirious, it was not easy to learn anything from him. How Mrs. Nelson longed to ask of Frank! But she schooled her mother-heart and was loyal enough to be also self-denying. It was a hard task, but it was bravely accomplished. It was rendered a little easier from the fact that the partial delirium of the patient precluded the idea of many straight forward answers.

Mrs. Nelson felt her duty to be plain. She was to watch over the dying volunteer till he should go hence. When she first came he was asleep, ever and anon groaning aloud.

His troubled slumber came to an end, and then, at first, he stared wildly at her, and finally appeared to take but little notice of anything.

When the surgeon next saw him, he said, shaking his head impressively, "There's a great change — a great change."

"How long may he live?" inquired Mrs. Nelson.

"Perhaps a day or two: perhaps not an hour. He may brighten up and speak again."

And he did thus brighten. The clocks of the distant city were just telling the midnight hour, when True Blue opened his eyes, and looked at Mrs. Nelson. He smiled. There was a strange light in his dying eyes. It was the light of life's parting moment. Mrs. Nelson knew it. She beckoned to the nurse, and the latter summoned quickly from other couches the surgeon and the chaplain. The latter, though Mrs. Nelson did not know it,

was an acquaintance of the dying soldier, and was his chaplain when he was with the three month's men. He felt, therefore, a peculiar interest in the departing patriot.

For some little time True Blue glanced from one to the other. Mrs. Nelson held his hand, and bathed his pale brow, with the cool ice water which was near. The surgeon stood with an ominous gaze looking upon the placid face, which despite the bandages, was not unpleasant in appearance.

Suddenly True Blue raised his hands, and looked towards Mrs. Nelson. Faintly, and yet clearly enough to be well understood by all, he said —

“Have you come back from heaven, mother? I'm so glad. Kiss me, my — mother!”

Mrs. Nelson could not withstand that pleading look, those touching words; she leaned over his lowly couch, and her lips met those of the dying soldier. He kissed, as he thought,

his precious mother who had long been resting from her labors — she kissed the saviour of her darling boy.

A mist gathered over the surgeon's eyes, and he was about to turn away to hide the fast-coming tears, but he looked up and saw that down the chaplain's cheeks the bright, crystal drops were rolling; then he turned not away, for he felt that it was manly in that hour to weep. The nurse sobbed audibly. Only on the faces of the dying man — for the dying never weep — and on that of the mother who bent above him, and who seemed for a season, as it were, lifted out of herself, that she might be the bright, dear face to comfort the suffering spirit, were there no tears.

True Blue still looked at Mrs. Nelson with a long, lingering gaze.

“ You are going to Jesus ? ” asked she.

“ Yes — anchor — in heaven.” And again he smiled. “ Once more, my — darling — mother ? ”

She bent again over his dying bed and kissed him for his mother. His eyes closed, and he never opened them again. A solemn pause, and then the surgeon broke the tearful stillness with the words, "he is gone!" Tenderly and reverently Mrs. Nelson laid his hands across his breast, and drew the counterpane above them, then bent and kissed the brow of the dead soldier. Drawing some scissors from her pocket, she cut a large curl from the motionless head, and turning to the surgeon and chaplain, said softly, through tears that then fell fast as summer rain, "He saved the life of my only son! This is for him."

CHAPTER XVII.

BURIED UNDER ARMS.



AR away in Marblehead, Frank read the papers, that gave an account of the battle of Antietam. He knew that True Blue's regiment was there, and he almost expected the next news that came, which was that a long list of Marblehead men were killed, and among them True Blue.

Then came a letter from an officer who was spared, and he gave True Blue's name as among those who were only wounded, and Frank's heart, which had been grief-stricken, revived.

“ You think he is certainly alive, don't you ? ” he asked, with trembling eagerness, of his employer.

“ This letter says so, and the writer is a reliable man.”

“ But does he know what he writes about ? ”

Mrs. Bartlett smiled a good humored smile.

“ No matter if I am a little unreasonable, True Blue was a good friend to me. He saved my life, and he loved me, for his last letter shows it, and his conduct towards me proved it. I love him, and I can't help feeling bad about the news, anyway.” And the poor fellow sobbed aloud. Alas ! his sorrows were only commencing.

“ Don't feel so bad, my boy,” said Mr. Bartlett, “ he is in God's hands there as well as here. He cannot get out of His reach, and you know he needs no better friend.”

That afternoon brought a letter from the chaplain of his regiment telling the story of

his wounds, and ending with the assurance that he was soon to be taken to Washington, and placed in the hospital there.

“ I wish my sister or my mother would go to him and take care of him,” said Frank to Mrs. Bartlett as he folded the letter and returned it to her ; he little thought that his wish was being so far fulfilled that his mother was there, as we have seen, to close the dying eyes of his noble friend.

And he almost resolved to write a letter to his mother, telling her just where he was, and all about True Blue, and asking her to seek out his kind friend, and minister to his needs.

Before he had fairly begun his letter, however, came a telegraphic despatch announcing to the only sister of True Blue and his other relatives, that he had gone up to his reward : that the noble heart which beat with patriotic fervor for the cause of his dear native land and her holy institutions, was still forever.

Frank was sitting at his work, when Mr. Bartlett, who had been to carry some finished shoes to his employer, came in with the sad and unwelcome intelligence. He dropped his awl and listened as Mr. Bartlett said softly to his wife, who was near, "We shall not meet our dear friend Martin again on earth. The Skipper has heard the summons and gone home."

"Oh, how I wish I was in Washington!" sobbed out the heart-stricken boy. There arose in his heart an utterable longing to see that dear face once more, even though he must see it with the stamp of dissolution upon it.

"The remains are to be sent home, so the telegram said."

"If so, I hope they will be in such a state that we can look at him," said Mrs. Bartlett.

"Probably they will be embalmed," said Mr. Bartlett, "for I heard True Blue say he

should leave both written and verbal directions for his body to be embalmed and sent home, in case of his death in a hospital, for he thought it would be a comfort to his sister."

"How thoughtful always for others!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett, and Frank's heart echoed her words. As soon as he had learned all Mr. Bartlett had to tell about it, he began to crave solitude, and sought his own chamber. There he wept without restraint. It mattered not how old or how big a boy he was, the tears would come, and he had neither the power nor the will to control them. He wept chiefly at the reflection of his own want of candor with that noble and true-hearted friend. He ought to have repaid his kindness and friendship by entire confidence, and not have played the hypocrite as he did. Now he could never tell that wise friend his peculiar circumstances, or hear from him the words of advice which he needed. But one thing was a little com-

forting. The remains were to be brought home. The untenanted clay was to repose beside the ashes of his parents in Marblehead. This was a matter of real thanksgiving, and as he thought of it — thought of the privilege he should have of strewing flowers above the dust of his dear friend, and of musing often beside his grave, he wiped his eyes, and, in no mood for work, but fearing Mr. Bartlett might need him, he proceeded to the work room once more.

“We’ve been reckoning up,” said Mr. Bartlett, “and we think the remains will be here the last of the week. There will be a letter and then we shall know.”

“We shall go of course?” asked Frank, with an awl ready to let drop in case there was a negative answer, for he never could have made another shoe for a man who declined attendance on the obsequies of one so loyal and gentle and noble as True Blue.

“ We shall all go. I shouldn't wonder if there was a public funeral, and the Governor should be there.”

“ He deserves the presence of the Governor, as much as any man that dies for the flag. He died a Sergeant, I suppose, but he deserved to be a Lieutenant or Captain.”

“ Did you not know he was promoted ? ”

“ No — was he ? ”

“ Yes, to be a Lieutenant. His commission was made out a week before he fell in action, but it was dated some time back.”

“ Then he will be buried as a Lieutenant ? ”

“ Yes, and let him have all the honors we can give him, but after all what comforts me most is that I can say, thinking of him,

‘ Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.’

He is asleep in Jesus, and now enjoys

‘ A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes ? ’

Frank and his employer worked diligently on their new lot of shoes, that they might the more easily leave their work on that day of days to Frank.

The hour came. Frank and Mrs. Bartlett stood side by side in the depot. Oh, how they wished it was the living, tangible True Blue whom they had come to meet, instead of the grim, cold, stony corse! But God had ordered otherwise. Mr. Bartlett, schooled as he was to thoughts of piety, felt submissive, but sad. Frank was rebellious. He could not see, for his part, why such men as True Blue had to die, and worse men live on till everybody gets tired of them.

The whistle sounded. The cars were coming from Salem. Boston passengers and others were on board. Much baggage also. But one long narrow box was of special interest to Frank and his employer, and to others who had gathered for the same purpose. Soon

they saw the sexton and others carry that box and place it where they could remove the coffin from within it. It was a plain but neat coffin, covered with dark blue cloth, decked with silvery stars on the top. It was borne to the place assigned for the night, and thither followed Mr. Bartlett and the runaway boy. They opened the coffin, and the friends of the departed soldier — the crowned conqueror — the patriot martyr — looked once more upon the features of him whom they had so dearly loved. Tears were on faces that turned away to hide them. Frank didn't turn away, though he wept bitterly. Touching that forehead with his hand, as he gave the dear head thus a slight caress, he was surprised to find it so cold — and so icy.

“He was True Blue to the end,” said a young man near. “He could never be anything but good, from a child, I have heard say, and certainly I never saw one so perfect.”

Many other words of eulogy were spoken, but none more true than Frank's when he said, "he saved my life once, and I believe he would die first before he would let any one suffer for want of help."

"He has died for his country in her hour of need," spoke the minister of the Gospel who stood near, "and thus dying has sealed his allegiance, declared patriotism, and written his name among

'the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.'"

On the morrow, after the long morning hours had given a loyal, mourning towns' people an opportunity of looking upon the countenance of one whom they respected and loved, the funeral honors were rendered to the heroic dead. He was "buried under arms," as the phrase is; that is, the body was accompanied to the grave by a military escort. The

flag of his country, with its beautiful folds, draped his coffin as it stood beneath the pulpit of the church wherein he was wont to worship. From the lips of the revered pastor came words of truthful eulogy and Gospel comfort, and when the last word had been spoken, the last prayer offered, the closing hymn sung, with its sad and pathetic melody, the coffin was borne to the hearse by young men in the uniform of loyal soldiers, while the home-guard, their ranks increased by newly-enlisted men and furloughed soldiers who were in town, followed respectfully, with voice of muffled drum, and the shrill fife and other instruments sounding the sweet, solemn music of "Pleyel's Hymn" — music which this war and its consequent funerals have made mournfully familiar — with banner half-unfurled, and reversed arms, sought the final earthly resting place of the man whom they delighted to honor. There they paused, and stepping forward from the ranks, the chosen men fired the farewell

volleys over the grave, then turn away and leave "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," but comforted, no doubt, with the thought of "Jesus and the resurrection" — God and immortality!

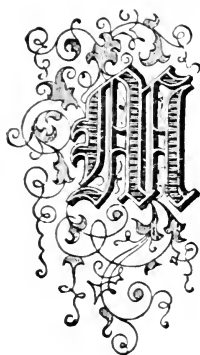
Words can but faintly express the emotions of the runaway boy in those solemn hours. In his heart was a sharp conflict. He was looking the question of his present duty sternly in the face. He was grappling with the idea of repentance. And he finally yielded.

By the new-made grave of his heroic friend — that same evening in the starlight — he stood, and communed with himself of the Past, the Present, and the Future, and then and there resolved that he would return to his mother — money or no money — freedom or no freedom — and with penitence true as his present sorrow was deep and sincere, would ask for the pardon which alone could make earth bright and joyous to him again.

Meanwhile, where was the runaway's sister?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SISTER'S SEARCH.



MR. NELSON went home to her daughter from that death-bed with a new hope in her heart. She had inquired of the Chaplain concerning the soldier over whose path she had been permitted to cast a ray of sunlight, and found that his home was in Marblehead ; at least he had enlisted as from that place. With this slight clue, and the knowledge that his name was Martin, she felt quite happy as she sought her home, for she had a plan in her mind,

which, if successfully accomplished, might give back her beloved son to her embrace again.

Her daughter met her at the door. "Why, mother, you are back much earlier than I supposed. I thought you would stay several days."

"No, my dear, for the soldier has ceased to need human aid. He has gone to our Father in heaven."

"So soon?"

"Yes, and we cannot regret it, for he suffered much, and the surgeon said he could never be a well man again, even if he had rallied so as to be about."

"But I do wish he could have told us about Frank."

"So do I, dear, but such was not God's will, and we must be resigned."

"I try to be, but it is so hard. I do miss Frank so very much."

“Come in the parlor, my dear, and sit down by me on this sofa.” Mary did so, and her mother continued; “His absence has been a great grief to me, you know, my daughter. I was not well when he left us, and it has seemed as if anxiety for him has made me worse. I know it has, and I cannot live much longer without my boy.”

Here the fortitude of the mother gave way, and a burst of tears followed. Mary wept in sympathy, and because of her own grief at his absence.

“But, mother,” said she, in a few moments, “have we not a clue to Frank? Did you ask where True Blue belonged?”

“I did make that inquiry and learned also his name, and all the way home, I comforted myself with the idea that we can send to that place, and find out. But I did not ask the name my dear, misguided boy bears. No one could have told me that. And it seems to me

now, that, after all, the knowledge I have will be of little avail."

"Mother, I do believe we shall have him again, and soon. What say you to have me go and look for him myself? I will start for Marblehead as soon as I can possibly get ready, and hunt there for him."

"How will you proceed? Will it be of any use to find the friends of this dear soldier who has just gone? If we only knew Frank's name, we could get their address from the hospital perhaps, and write to them at once."

"Yes, but mother, it would be of little use, for if Frank was determined not to come home, as soon as he heard of this letter he might go away, and then we should have no clue whatever to him. It seems to me that I had better go myself. I think he would not refuse to return with me."

"What would you do first when you get there?"

“Hunt for him among the shoe manufactories. You know he said he had been making shoes.”

“Well, my child, you may go. I don’t like to have you travel alone, but I cannot leave myself, or I would go with you.”

“Perhaps I can find some one going as far as New York. From there I could easily get to Boston, and you know you have always taught me that a lady can travel alone in the New England States without fear of annoyance.”

So the matter was decided. In a few days Mary’s preparations were made; her music pupils informed of her intended absence for a short time, and a gentleman and his sister found who were going as far as New York. With the buoyant hopes of youth, chastened a little by the remembrance of the haunting grief which she had felt ever since the morning when Frank’s note was found lying on his

table, Mary started on her errand of mercy. Like the dear Saviour who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," she went forth hoping to redeem her brother, to save him from further waywardness, and to restore him to his loving, grief-stricken mother. A noble errand! A faithful sister!

The journey to New York was one freed from anxiety or care, and very pleasant to Mary. Her friends saw her on board the steamer, fairly started for Boston, and then bade her "good bye," and she was left alone. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and a calm, bright day. The steamer passed through Hurl-gate without the tossing and pitchings usually known in that vicinity. The water was calm, and scarce a breaker ruffled the smooth surface. Little conception could be then realized of its maelstrom appearance when its waves are lashed into fury, and the storm-king rides in triumph over the mad-

dened, foaming billows. And well was it for Mary that the voyage was so pleasant, since she had seldom seen the ocean, and never sailed far on it, and the horrible demon of seasickness might have made her trip exceedingly disagreeable. As it was, she was able to eat her supper with the rest of the passengers, then retired to her berth, slept soundly while the boat was passing Point Judith, and took the cars for Boston at last, with renewed hope and restored energies.

On her arrival in Boston, she was delayed for some hours by transacting some business for a friend, and finally reached the Eastern Depot, just as the evening train, which connects at Salem with the Marblehead branch, were about leaving. She had studied her route so well that she had only to ask the rapid question — “Do these cars go to Salem?” hear the answer, “yes,” — and jump on board. Her baggage was in a small valise

which she fortunately had in her hand, and was therefore not delayed by stopping to care for it.

On whirled the cars, out of the city, past the State's Prison, Bunker Hill Monument, the McLean Asylum — on and on. All was new and strange to Mary, and as the shadows of evening gathered, she began to feel a little depressed.

When she entered the car she found it pretty full. A lady, however, had beckoned to her, and she found a seat by her side. No words had passed between them except a quiet "Thank you," from Mary, in grateful acknowledgement for the seat.

But as they passed through Lynn, Mary observed that the houses were numerous, and fancying that it was a city and might be Salem, she turned to the lady and asked if they had reached Salem.

"Not yet," was the simple answer. "This

is Lynn, Swampscott will be the next town, then Salem.”

The words were few, but the tone spoke volumes. It was as if the speaker had comprehended at once the young girl's need, and was ready to be of service. Mary looked more attentively at her. She was a tall, large woman, yet, though so large there was nothing unpleasantly masculine about her. Her face was full of an expression at once benevolent and energetic. Mary felt, instinctively, that she was in the presence of a woman who was both good and great — gifted intellectually and spiritually. From the speaking eyes looked forth a soul which was at once submissive to God's will, but imperial in the assertion of its own, where duty allowed. There was a queenliness about her companion, which did not oppress Mary, but gave her confidence.

As for Mary — her companion seemed to read her at once. Gentle, loving, confiding,

she was just the one for the strong-souled woman at her side to clasp in the embrace of a sisterly regard, and to care for with half-maternal interest.

They began to converse ; at first about roadside objects, then of the country and the war. The lady, whom we will call Hester, was clad in deep mourning, and Mary rightly concluded she had lost a friend — perhaps lost one who was a martyr for dear liberty. But Hester's grief prevented her mention of the fact, and Mary's diffidence prevented her from asking.

Frank and Mary were much alike in many things, but very different in some others. Frank, with a heavy secret lying on his heart, was genial, talkative, mirthful and communicative. Mary, with nothing to hide, was quiet, almost shrinking, and taciturn if not reticent.

Therefore in all this conversation Mary did not once give her travelling companion any clue to her errand or desires.

At last the cars rumbled into the Salem Depot. The conductor announced in a loud, shrill voice, that passengers must here change cars for Marblehead.

Mary arose. So did Hester, thinking, if she thought at all about it, that Mary arose in order to give her an opportunity to pass out. But Mary followed.

"Ah! do you go to Marblehead?" asked she, as Mary asked the conductor who helped her from the cars, where she should go to find the cars for Marblehead.

"Yes, I am going there," answered Mary.

"Come right along with me then, I'll show you."

And Mary gladly followed her benevolent guide, and was soon again seated beside her, and rolling along over the rails.

"Can you tell me about the shoemakers in Marblehead?" asked Mary.

This was rather a strange question, and

Hester opened her large eyes. "There are a great many of them," she answered quietly.

"I mean, can you tell me how to find them?"

"In their workshops, I presume."

The tone was a little cold, as if the questions made Mary seem somewhat mysterious to her companion. Mary felt this, and perceived that she ought to be more outspoken.

"I will tell you what I really want. My dear young brother has been a runaway for about two years, and I am in search of him. We have reason to think he is in Marblehead, and as he wrote us word that he had been making shoes, we thought that inquiry among the shoemakers might end in restoring our lost boy to his home again."

"I will help you all I can, for I pity you from my heart. You must go to the shoe-factories — I'll go with you. I hope the inquiry will not be fruitless, nor do I think it will be."

Frank's name and age were mentioned, and all the circumstances of his early and runaway life were narrated, except that no mention was made of True Blue, for the lady's mourning made Mary cautious about speaking of one who had recently died, lest she might awaken strong and sad emotions.

The ride to Marblehead was soon accomplished, and following Hester, Mary descended from the car, and her stranger foot pressed the soil of Frank's refuge.

"We will go immediately to a good friend of mine, who has a large shoe factory, perhaps Frank may be there. It will be of no use to ask for him by name, for no one would know him, as he has changed his name."

They soon reached the house of Mr. Erno. The store was already closed, therefore they sought him at his residence. He promised in the morning to hunt with them for the runaway, and did not think there was one in his

own establishment. Mary thought to herself, "If Frank were in his employ, he would surely know him, for this Mr. Erno is so genial, so gentlemanly and kind."

"Now where shall I go?" was Mary's next question. "I must find a hotel."

"Our hotel is a good one in some respects, yet may not be just the place for a lone young woman; that is, you would feel more lonely than if you remained with Hester. I advise her to take you home with her."

"I had not thought of it," answered Hester, "but you are right. She would feel much better with me, than alone at a public house. Will you accompany me to my boarding-place?"

"Most willingly," replied Mary, and the twain went forth from Mr. Erno's hospitable mansion together. Somehow as they walked along the rugged, crooked streets they seemed to be very near each other. Some strange,

subtle power seemed to draw their souls together, and a feeling of the utmost confidence sprang up between them.

“Oh, how I do long to see my brother!” was Mary’s exclamation, after they had walked a little way in silence.

“I am glad your brother is yet on earth,” was the response. “There is more chance of your seeing him, than I shall ever have of seeing my dear and only brother. God has taken him home.”

The tone was one full of resignation, but Mary felt the strong arm on which she was leaning quiver, as if with the thrill of anguish.

“Were you with him?” asked Mary, hesitatingly, for she feared to probe the wound, and yet she felt an unconquerable interest in asking about the departed brother.

“Alas! no,” replied Hester, mournfully, “he died far away from me, in a hospital, and I, who was then teaching, away from this

place, did not even hear that he was wounded, till the news came of his death. I would have gone to him. I am his only sister, and we were orphans. Sometimes I feel as if I could not give him up even for his country's sake, and then again I am calm, and feel that all is for the best."

"Where was the hospital?"

"In Washington. Not so far away but that I could have gone. I could feel more comforted if I knew he had kind attendance in his last hours."

"I have visited some of the Washington hospitals, and found good nurses there."

"I know there are noble men and women among the attendants at those hospitals, and the agents of the Commissions — Sanitary and Christian — are kind and attentive to our sick and wounded soldiers."

"My mother was there not long ago, and ministered to one young man in his last moments. He was from Marblehead."

“From Marblehead!”

“Yes, and his name was Martin.”

“Martin? and Hester impulsively caught the hand of the fair young girl at her side, who continued — “We did not learn any more of him, except that he sometimes bore the name of ‘True Blue.’”

“My brother! my own dear brother!” exclaimed Hester. “And *your* mother took care of him in his last hours. Oh, hurry along home with me! I cannot do too much for you!”

As they went Mary told all she knew of True Blue — her brother’s casual mention of him in a letter — her call upon the hospital nurse, and the mention of True Blue’s pseudonym which attracted attention and awoke curiosity — the note from Oscar, which Mary afterward showed to Hester, having taken it with her to show to Frank — the efforts of her mother in behalf of the young soldier, the affecting scene of the final hour.

Hester's tears fell fast, and yet her heart was gladdened. She knew now that her precious brother was tenderly cared for, and that he was willing to depart, and, with a grateful heart, she renewed her assurances to Mary that on the morrow she would aid her in looking for her brother Frank, and leave no stone unturned till they found him, if he was in Marblehead.

The morrow dawned, a bright and sunny day. Hester and Mary were early astir, and not much time elapsed ere they had taken breakfast, and were ready for the search.

They went first to Mr. Erno's manufactory, a large establishment where many hands were employed. Mr. Erno met them at the door.

"I have made diligent inquiry for Frank Nelson, but no one has heard of such a name, so he has not revealed it. I have inquired concerning the boys that work for us, but find no one that agrees with your description."

Mary's countenance fell. "Do not be disheartened. We will inquire elsewhere. I will accompany you." So saying, Mr. Erno got his hat, and started out upon the search with the two sorrowing sisters.

They walked on briskly. Every boy she met Mary watched, and sometimes peered eagerly and inquiringly into their faces.

Hester told Mr. Erno the good news Mary had imparted concerning her own hero-brother, and Mr. Erno, who esteemed True Blue, felt a more lively interest in Mary and her search.

They called at every shoe-factory in the place, and Mr. Erno made the most exhausting inquiry, but all in vain.

They then returned to Mr. Erno's establishment.

"I feel just as if he was one of your boys," said Mary.

"Well, sit down, ladies. Who knows but that he may come in while you are here,

though I know nothing of him. Stranger things than that have happened. Providence works miracles in our days, sometimes, though after a different method than in the Saviour's time. I'm sure it is almost like a miracle — your falling in with Hester."

"But if I could only find my runaway brother."

Just before Mr. Erno had begun to speak, a man entered, and stood waiting to accost him. He could not help hearing the words of both Mr. Erno and Mary, and he spoke on the impulse of the moment, "I can tell you where he is."

Mary sprang to her feet, followed by Hester. All turned inquiring glances upon the speaker.

"At least, I think I can. I have a boy in my employ, and at my home, who this morning told me he was a runaway. We never dreamed of it, for he has uniformly behaved like a good and honest lad. He only told us

that fact, and then left the room in tears, and I've not seen him since. His mind is greatly troubled now, but as True Blue would say, He'll soon cast anchor and be at rest.' "

"True Blue!" exclaimed Hester, and she aid her hand on Mr. Bartlett's arm. "I'm his sister."

"Pardon me, if I have hurt your feelings by thus mentioning Skipper Martin, but he was a dear friend to me. I saw a great deal of him, and have got into a habit of quoting his sea-speeches."

"It is all right, sir," said Hester, with a look of grateful pride.

"What name does the boy bear of whom you told us?" asked Mary.

"We call him Thomas Evans, but I houldn't wonder if it was an assumed name, and that his name was Frank, for he always looks up at that name, and seems so accustomed to it, that I've sometimes laughed at

him and told him he'd better change his name."

"It must be my long lost brother. Oh, do let me go to him!"

"No, my young friend," exclaimed Mr. Erno, "let me go. You wait with Hester, and I will jump into my carriage, and bring him to you very soon."

Mr. Erno departed on his errand of mercy, his benevolent heart glowing with the satisfaction he felt in rendering aid to a fellow being. He was soon at Mr. Bartlett's house. The moment his eyes rested on Frank, he knew him, for he had seen him at Temperance and other meetings, and besides he had met him on the streets, and marked the politeness with which Frank always accosted him. Mr. Erno was what one might call a public man, usually a selectman, on the school committee and holding various other town offices. So every boy in town knew him, whether he knew the boy or not.

Mr. Erno rapped at Mr. Bartlett's door — the door of the work-shop, which was attached to the house. Frank opened it.

“Good morning, young man!” exclaimed Mr. Erno, in his own frank, genial way, and entered. Mrs. Bartlett happened to be in the work-shop binding some shoes. Mr. Erno greeted her cordially, and then began —

“Well, Frank!” Frank started. Mr. Erno noticed the start and smiled. Frank colored.

“This is Thomas Evans,” said Mrs. Bartlett quietly.

“No, this is Frank Nelson.”

The shoe dropped from Frank's hands, and he sprang to his feet. Mr. Erno noticed his agitation, but only smiled again — that quiet, benevolent smile — and continued :

“His sister Mary is waiting for him in my office.”

Frank caught his hand. The color went

and came. The tears started in his searching eyes; he could only gasp forth, "Let me go back with you! Let me go!"

"Yes indeed, my boy, I have come for you." Frank snatched his cap, and was outdoors in an instant. Mr. Erno only stopped for a few words to Mrs. Bartlett of explanation, and then jumped into his carriage and with Frank at his side, drove rapidly back to Mary, who was waiting anxiously for his return.

There was no need of introduction or parleying when the boy leaped from the carriage and rushed into the presence of his sister. He forgot everything else. He cared for nobody else. He threw himself into the outstretched arms of that precious sister, who, like the Great and Good Shepherd, had come to seek and save that which was lost, and sobbed aloud. There was not a dry eye in the room. Hester thought of her own dear brother on the eternal heights, and felt her heart

already warmed toward one he had loved and blessed. The lost was found, and like as the angels rejoice over the returning penitent child of God, so did the spectators in that hour rejoice with Frank and his noble sister Mary.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOME AGAIN.



T Mr. Erno's suggestion a telegram was immediately sent to Washington announcing to the waiting, anxious mother, the glad and welcome news that the brother and sister were once more together, and both would soon be in her presence.

The message was delayed on its way so that the evening of that day had arrived before it reached the house where a fond, anxious mother was sending many a thought after her absent son and daughter. All her boarders

had gone out for the evening. Only the servants were in the house with herself. She came with a weary step from the dining room into the parlor. The curtains were down, but the gas being screened to its minimum as no one needed the light, was not burning brilliantly enough to eclipse the moonbeams which shone on the curtains. Mrs. Nelson advanced to the window, drew up one of the curtains and looked out into the glorious Autumn night. The pavements were absolutely glorified, and made something better than mere stones by the soft and mellow ray of the harvest moon, and all the sharp angles of the neighboring houses were removed, so that moonlight in the city was really pleasant to the eye of that lover of the beautiful who looked upon it. The street was unusually quiet, but as she lingered there in the peaceful moonlight the sound of a rapid footstep fell upon her ear. It hurried along. Nearer and

more near. She could discern a colored boy with something in his hand. He looked up at her windows. He ascended her steps. Such occurrences happen daily, but there was a new and strange sensation experienced by the lady as she went to the door. It seemed as if some crisis in her existence had arrived.

The servant below had heard the bell, and came to attend to her duty, but finding her mistress had preceded her, stood with her usual curiosity, where she could listen to the colloquy.

“Here is a telegraphic despatch for Mrs. Nelson.”

“A despatch?”

“Yes, it’s paid for,” and the boy turned to go.

Without pausing to shut the door, Mrs. Nelson tore open the envelope, and read as follows :

“Frank is with me. We shall be in Washington soon.

M. NELSON.”

It was too much. The thought of evil news came to Mrs. Nelson's mind, as she took the message, and she nerved her soul to bear any shock of that kind, but this good news she was hardly able to hear. Her eyes grew dim, her brain reeled, and she would have fallen but for the servant girl who had been standing near eager to catch a glimpse of intelligence, but, to do her justice, when Mrs. Nelson so far recovered as to tell her the contents of the envelope, she was enthusiastic in her sincere expression of joy and gratitude.

Meanwhile where were Mary and Frank? With Hester, of course, for she could not bear to have them leave her yet. She had prevailed on them to wait till the morrow, and spend the time with her. They did so, Frank leaving his sister only just long enough to pack his things, while Mary talked with Mrs. Bartlett of her dear brother, and thanked her and her husband for all their kindness to the wayward but beloved boy.

Frank was now eager to get home again. He longed for his mother's smile once more. But he saw that it would be a consolation to True Blue's sister if they tarried longer, and therefore he cheerfully consented to remain till the next morning.

At Hester's place of abode there was a fine piano in the parlor. From Frank's inquiries of Mary concerning her pupils, Hester found that Mary was a teacher of music. She therefore solicited her to play and sing. "Come, Miss Nelson," said she, "please oblige me with a little music."

"Oh yes, with pleasure; you will direct me what to sing."

"Can you sing this?" handing her a paper somewhat new. "There are some lines from the New York Evening Post. Can you not set them to some music, and sing them to me. They are fraught with sadness to my bereaved heart, but yet they are very beautiful, and I

should like to have them wedded to a fitting melody.”

Mary sat down to the piano, and after a little preliminary playing, she sang the following lines, with great expression and power, having first asked the authorship, and receiving for answer the intelligence that they came in a New York paper.

“Thank God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past!
Thank God the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us;
‘Our boys are coming home!’

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war’s tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bon-fires burning,
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fire-side places
Have waited for them long;

The love-light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long-deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love-song while you roam —
Joy, joy, the boys are coming —
Our boys are coming home!

And yet — oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all:
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy yearning;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home."

Long before Mary finished, every one of her auditors were weeping, and her own eyes were dim with tears. Frank wept at the thought of a wayward boy and forgiving mother; Hester remembered the dear soldier brother who was sleeping too soundly ever to hear the bugle blast again, and Mary wept in sympathy with both.

She rose from the piano. Like her mother at that very hour, she walked to the window and lifted the curtain. The same glorious moonlight bathed the landscape with its silvery brightness.

Hester looked up and caught a glimpse of the beauty beyond the casement, "Let us go forth for a walk!" exclaimed she: "do you not want to show your sister the old fort, Frank? That is one of the places she has not yet seen."

They had all been, that afternoon, to visit the grave of one whom each respected and

loved, and over the hallowed mound, Frank made a new resolve to live honestly, like his friend, henceforth, seeking to fulfill every duty, and fleeing from no responsibility, or field of labor where God should place him.

They were soon on their way to the old fort, climbed its grassy eminences, and looked out upon the broad ocean from that commanding position.

Mary almost held her breath with delight. At last she broke the silence with the utterance, half-whispered, "How beautiful! how *very* beautiful!"

And the scene was truly enchanting. The mystic charms of the moonlight hour lent their bewitching influence, and the sparkling, dancing waters spread out beneath the silvery rays of Night's glorious Queen, seemed full of entrancing beauty to the eye of one to whom the sight was new. It was beautiful to Frank, also, for he shared his sister's love of beauty;

and it was no less lovely to the clear, calm eye of the queenly Hester, though she had gazed upon it a thousand times. Mary carried home with her, in memory's gallery, that picture of the rocky headland, the island-dotted ocean, the sparkling waters, the silvery moonbeams, and regarded it as one of the choicest gems ever stored therein.

Morning dawned, and the cars started for Salem, bearing the runaway boy and his sister, after an affectionate farewell to Hester, and kind parting words from the Bartletts, and Mr. Erno. On, on the travellers sped toward the Capital city, and the mother that counted the hours, and longed to clasp her only son once more in her maternal embrace.

They journeyed rapidly. At last they reached Washington. The very first person whom Frank recognized was Oscar. The latter rushed to the side of the runaway. Frank half shrank from him, but Mary greeted him

with, "O sir, I thank you for that note. It has given me back my brother."

"Don't hang back from me, Frank," exclaimed Oscar, seizing Frank's hand. "I did wrong in urging you to go away. I see it all, and learning you were expected soon, I've been here all day watching every train, to ask your forgiveness, and permission to go with you to your mother, and ask hers. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Frank, forgive and forget. Only never again entice him from us again," said Mary.

Oscar bowed, and looked eloquently his thanks; Frank shook his hand with a cordial pressure, "I am glad to be back and begin an honest life again," said he, "and you may come home with me if you will."

The rapid wheels bore them to the long darkened home. The runaway first ascended the steps. A waiting hand opened and closed

the door. Mary and Oscar purposely lingered outside, and there was no eye save those of God and the angels to witness the meeting of the mother and her penitent boy.

When Mary and Oscar entered, the mother sat on the parlor sofa with the arm of her returned prodigal son around her, and traces of tears were on both faces. Mary presented Oscar, and he implored forgiveness with an earnestness that betokened sincerity.

“Yes, mother, forgive him,” said Frank, “I shall feel more sure then that you forgive me.”

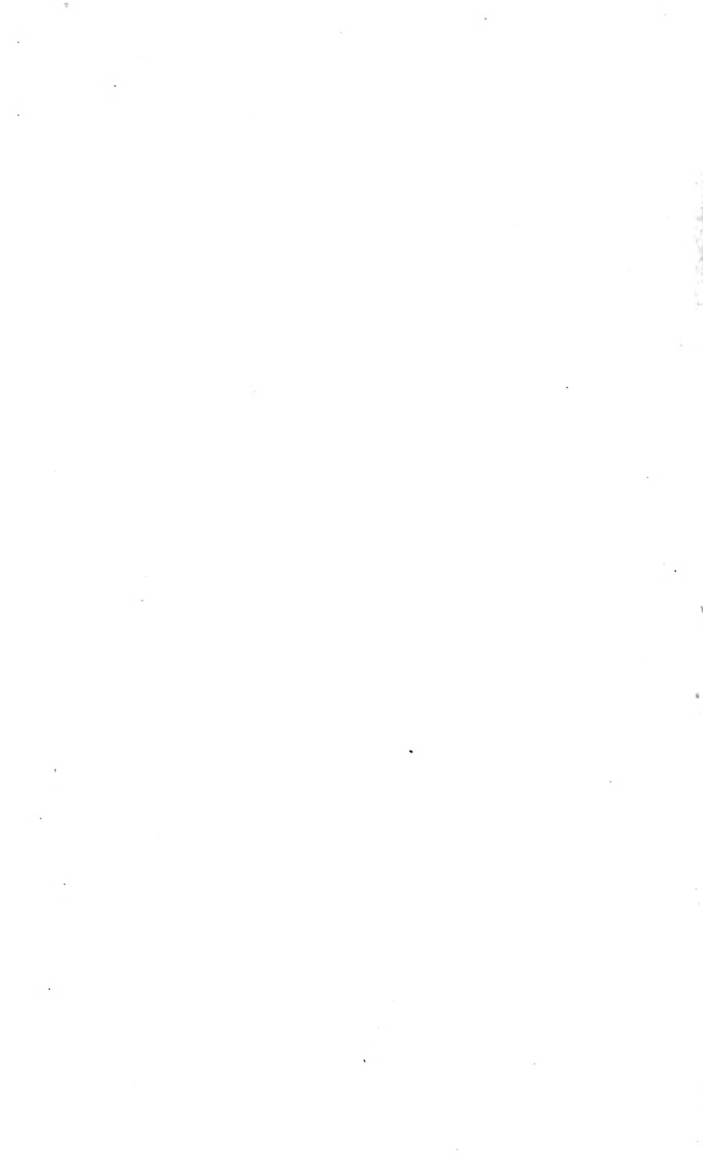
Mrs. Nelson reached out her hand to Oscar, laying the other on the head of her boy; “I do forgive you for the sake of this my son who ‘was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.’ ”

That night was the happiest which had been known under that roof since the night of Frank’s departure. A dark cloud was rifted, and the sunlight of joy came smiling through.

Thus have we followed the footsteps of the runaway and his sister. Possibly in the future, more may be learned of Frank and Oscar, and the reader of this volume see how both were faithful to the call of duty, serving

“ God, and their native land.”





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